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THE COMING WAR.

AMONG the reasons which induced Lord HARTINGTON and Lord GRANVILLE to call attention to the late negotiations, a judicious desire to anticipate less discreet politicians may probably not have been wholly inoperative. It was at the same time, according to Parliamentary ethics, a legitimate object to prove that the Government had been altogether or partly in the wrong. Lord HARTINGTON's censures of the conduct of affairs were stronger than those of his colleague in the House of Lords; but it may be doubted whether the leaders of the Opposition are not content with the fortune which left to their rivals the duty of dealing with an insoluble problem. The interest which attaches to retrospective criticism becomes every day fainter. It may be hoped that the question whether it was well to reject the Berlin Memorandum in the spring of 1876 has been raised for the last time by Lord GRANVILLE. Impartial students of the Blue-books have probably arrived at the conclusion that there was never any chance of persuading either Russia or Turkey to listen to the counsels of England. Lord DERBY, while he disclaimed the authorship of the Protocol, justly observed that, if it had been expressed in stronger language, it would have been still more unacceptable to Turkey; but the truth is that none of the documents which have, during a year and a half, embodied attempts at compromise have practically influenced the course of affairs. The ANDRASSY Note, which was the first of the series, was after a short hesitation signed by all the Powers, and, unlike all succeeding instruments of the same kind, it was immediately accepted by the Porte; yet neither the Berlin Memorandum nor the ultimatum presented by the Conference proved to be more absolutely ineffectual. Turkey has throughout refused to submit to dictation, and Russia had probably many months ago determined on war. The English Government, having rightly or wrongly resolved to maintain entire neutrality, could not restrain ambition on one side or obstinacy on the other. The result of the Conference dispelled the feeling or fancy that the Porte was only encouraged to resistance by confidence in the support of England. The guarantees which were unanimously proposed by the six Powers were rejected with as little hesitation as if they had proceeded exclusively from Russia. The hope which was still faintly entertained of acting on the prudence or moderation of Russia has been not less completely disappointed.

It could not be expected that in either House the leaders of the Opposition should pass over in silence the supposed errors of the Government, especially as they are all attributed to a systematic policy; yet the general impression produced by the debates both in the Lords and the Commons is that the discussion is essentially idle. It is impossible to believe that peace or war depended either on the wording of the Protocol or on Lord DERBY'S Declaration. The English Government may have had good reasons for scrutinizing narrowly the terms of the document which was tendered for signature; and if a mistake was made, it consisted rather in the vague and elastic character of the pledges which were given than in the omission of still more binding covenants. The Declaration, or conditional defeasance, had the merit of placing on record the motives which induced the English Government to undertake any kind of obligation. It was distinctly understood by all parties, and it was plainly stated by Lord DERBY, that the Protocol was accepted for the

sole purpose of facilitating the disarmament of Russia and Turkey. When the negotiations were concluded, all the Governments, with the exception of Russia, supposed that, whatever might be the merits or defects of the Protocol, peace had been patched up for a time. If the Government of St. Petersburg had thought fit to use conciliatory language, the Porte would in all probability have gladly made concessions for the purpose of escaping from a dangerous situation. The overbearing and menacing tone of Prince GORTCHAKOFF'S communications produced, as might have been expected, the opposite effect. It is absurd to assume that a different form of Protocol, with or without an accompanying Declaration, would have altered the decision of Russia. The English Government, whichever party it might have represented, had only two courses between which it could choose. The theory of joint coercion may be recommended by plausible arguments; but, if it is once rejected, the only alternative was to remain neutral, and to try, with or without success, to hinder or delay by diplomatic methods a Russian declaration of war. It is a waste of time to criticize the details of a negotiation which it was always in the power of Russia to render abortive. Lord DERBY'S statement on Thursday night was satisfactory in as far as it furnished an almost superfluous confirmation of the certainty that England will not take part in the defence of Turkey. His intimation that war is inevitable will have dispelled no existing doubts, although Russian journalists strangely affect to assume that there is still a possibility of peace.

The Emperor of RUSSIA and his advisers are exclusively responsible for the war which they have deliberately prepared. The policy of aggression could only have been checked by a union of the Great Powers which was in the actual circumstances impossible. The Russians have achieved the diplomatic triumph of thwarting Lord DERBY'S laborious efforts to preserve peace; and, if they have leisure for the study of English debates, they may perhaps take pleasure in the comments of the Opposition on the alleged blunders of the Government. It is nevertheless not improbable that the Russians will willingly exchange positions with the opponents or backward allies whom they have easily baffled. The advantages of their present enterprise may perhaps be considerable; but they can only be attained at the cost of heavy sacrifices. That the Turks cannot finally repel the invasion of a greatly superior force may be confidently assumed; but General FADAEFF, who has lately arrived with or without a diplomatic commission at Belgrade, long since explained to his countrymen that any conquests which they might effect in Turkey would be held only by the permission of Austria. The able advocate of a Slavonic crusade proceeded to draw the logical inference that the first effort of the Russian forces should be directed against Austria and Hungary; but no such policy is at present contemplated by the Russian Government, and the alliance of the three Imperial Governments still nominally subsists. In two or three weeks the impediments which the weather has placed in the way of an advance will have been removed, and the Russian army will effect an unopposed march from the Pruth to the Danube. As long as the Turkish fleet commands the Black Sea, all stores and munitions must be conveyed by land, without the aid of railways. The passage of the Danube will offer no serious difficulty to capable generals in the command of a superior army, and the next step will be either to besiege or to mask the Turkish

fortresses to the south of the river. It is doubtful whether there will be time to cross the Balkan during the summer and early autumn, and in the winter active operations must be suspended.

The obvious drawbacks to the benefits which the Russians might derive from victories in European Turkey have induced many political and military theorists to conjecture that their more serious operations will take place in Asia. Since the time of the Crimean war the conditions of an Asiatic campaign have been changed or reversed by the conversion of the Caucasus from a barrier against invasion to a basis for aggressive movements. The strength and the destination of the Russian army on the Eastern frontier of Turkey are entirely unknown; and it is possible that large detachments from the Grand Duke NICHOLAS'S army may have been made without attracting attention. It is almost certain that the Turks have drawn the greater part of their disposable forces to the European theatre of war, and they will offer a comparatively feeble resistance to the enemy in their Asiatic provinces. In that quarter there is no neighbouring Power which can in any event deprive Russia of the fruits of victory. Even Persia is more likely to seek for a share in the spoils of Turkey than to assist a Mahometan neighbour; and the conquered tribes of Central Asia, though they would perhaps willingly revolt, will not be formidable enemies to Russia. By overrunning Asia Minor Russia might perhaps take possession of some seaport on the Mediterranean which would turn the obstacle of the Straits. The temptation of effecting easy and permanent conquests will be strong; but perhaps the Russian Government may be embarrassed by its professions of religious and national sympathy with the Christians of European Turkey, who would have no interest in Asiatic triumphs. Altogether, the authors of an unnecessary war are not to be envied. The expenditure which has already been incurred will long weigh heavily on the resources of the Empire; and it is said that large numbers of workmen have been dismissed from employment in consequence of the stagnation of industry. Great efforts will be made to sustain the national credit; but it may be doubted whether, in the contingency of a long war, it will be possible to pay interest on the debt. It is strange that the philanthropists of the Peace Society abstain from noticing a striking illustration of their doctrines.

THE SALFORD ELECTION.

THE Salford election has excited considerable interest, as its result was thought likely to show whether the Government had really lost ground in the constituencies. The electoral body numbers over twenty-two thousand, and the borough is not only in Lancashire, but is close to Manchester, so that the opportunity was offered for testing the popular judgment on a large scale and in a great centre. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT wrote to say that they felt the keenest interest in the issue, and many Liberal members went down to make as exciting speeches as nature or art enabled them to make, and to testify that the eyes not only of England, but of Europe, were fixed on Salford and its election. It was a fight between parties, not candidates. Mr. KAY, the Liberal candidate, was too ill to be present, and Colonel WALKER honestly owned that he could not speak, and contented himself with repeating that he was a Conservative, thanking heaven that he was not a lawyer, and apologizing for himself and his name. Most of the speaking was therefore done by the Liberals, and worse speeches have perhaps seldom been made. Theoretically the electors of Salford were regarded as persons of extreme and extraordinary intelligence; but practically it was considered that there was nothing too silly to be said to them. It is of course quite proper for Liberals to abuse Conservatives during an election time, but there ought to be some measure and method in the abuse. A favourite topic was the coincidence of the reign of a Conservative Government with bad times for trade; not that one was exactly the cause of the other, but, as a poetical speaker put it, they were birds of evil omen that appeared together. The extravagance of the Government was naturally denounced, as it is an axiom of Liberal politicians that all Conservative Governments are inherently extravagant. The appointment of Lord HAMPTON was once more dug up as a proof of financial recklessness; and, if he should read what was said of him, which is not probable, he would have the

pleasure of finding himself described as a useless old hack, provided for by a flagrant job. Mr. TREVELYAN was among the Liberal speakers, and he has too much ability to make any speech that is entirely vapid; but even he seems to have been overpowered by the air of Salford, and condescended to tell a tale of a visit he made in Kent lately, when he was asked to speak to a chance meeting of agricultural labourers. He owns that, being thus suddenly called on, he had nothing in particular to say; but he produced so great an effect on his audience, the labourers listened to him with so much rapt intelligence, and their honest faces beamed with so divine an intellectual light, that he was quite awestruck with horror at the thought that such men, so noble in themselves and so interested in what he said, should not have a vote for their county. When speakers inferior to Mr. TREVELYAN occupied the time of the many meetings held on either side, issues were raised and gravely debated which seem remarkably small for a place of such intelligence as Salford. Mr. CHARLEY, for example, the sitting Conservative member, entered with much zest and animation into the question of the comparative merits of the law books which he has written and the law books which Mr. KAY has written, and he pronounced warmly in favour of the superiority of his own compositions. For such very clever people as the electors of Salford are said to be, there is an air of *Eatanswill* about their election contests which is a matter of some surprise.

There were, however, two points of wide and general interest raised at Salford on which the electors, by returning a Conservative, may be taken to have pronounced an opinion. The first was whether a Liberal is to win a seat by pandering to the crotchet-mongers, and the second was whether the Eastern policy of the Government deserves to be condemned. Mr. KAY went into the deepest depths of trimming. He bid high for the Home Rulers, and equally high for the teetotallers; and he was rewarded with a certificate from Mr. BUTT and a vote of approbation from the Temperance Association. As things turned out, he made a bad bargain, and lost more through the disgust of waverers than he gained through his pliancy to strange supporters. Mr. BUTT's certificate was to the effect that Mr. KAY was ready to support the proposal for a Committee of Inquiry into the claims of the Home Rulers and for the immediate release of the Fenian prisoners, and further to vote straight on Irish questions generally. It may be true that even this amount of wild facility did not enable him to catch the united Irish vote, as some at least of the Irish may be rather Catholics than Home Rulers, and may think more of revenging the wrongs of Poland than of setting up a Parliament where Mr. PARNELL and Mr. BIGGAR would talk on for ever. But, if the undivided Irish vote had been polled for Mr. KAY, he would probably have alienated more voters than he attracted. No issue can be plainer and more simple than that which Home Rule presents. It is the issue whether the British Empire is to be broken up or not. An Englishman may honestly think that even this consequence ought to be faced, and that the Irish claims to have the Empire broken up for their amusement are morally so strong that to contest them is wicked. But, if he thinks so, he ought to say so. The controversy has long since reached a point which makes it impossible to say that any further inquiry is needed. The matter has been thoroughly argued out, and the Liberal leaders have taken quite as decided a position with regard to Home Rule as the Conservative leaders. No one can be more frank and hearty in his opposition to Home Rule than Lord HARTINGTON; and if Mr. KAY so demeaned himself as to get a certificate of good behaviour from Mr. BUTT, he separated himself as distinctly as he could do from the leader of his own party on a vital question. The calculation which a Liberal candidate may be tempted to make, that if he does truckle a little to the Home Rulers he will not do much harm, as the opposition of his own leaders, joined to that of the Ministry, makes the project of Home Rule a baseless dream, is one which the thought of human weakness may excuse, but the appearance of which shocks simple-minded electors, and degrades the candidate himself and the party to which he belongs. So widely is this felt that quite as many Liberals will be pleased that a candidate who got a certificate from Mr. BUTT has been defeated as sorry that a seat has not been wrested from the Conservatives. Mr. KAY obtained the support of the Temperance Association as the price of promising to vote not only for Sir

WILFRID LAWSON'S Permissive Bill, but for the entire closing of public-houses on Sundays. It is not perhaps astonishing that a programme of "No beer and BIGGAR for "Speaker" did not approve itself to the astute intelligence of Salford.

As there were two issues to be decided, it cannot be said on which the result of the election really turned. The electors may have cared more about beer and Home Rule, or they may have cared more about Turkey. But at any rate they did not think the Eastern policy of the Government so wrong that they were willing to send a nominee of Mr. BUTT and the Temperance Association to oppose it. The Liberal members who spoke at Salford drew a distinction between the Ministry and its Parliamentary supporters, and said, what is incontestably true, that many Conservative members are much more intemperate and foolhardy than the Ministry itself, and would gladly plunge the country into a war with Russia. The tone of the House of Commons is very anti-Russian, and the Turks are openly admired for baffling the well-meant projects of Lord DERBY; and it was to curb this feeling that the electors of Salford were invited to send a Liberal to the House of Commons. But electors at a distance cannot go into these refined distinctions. They naturally look at what the Government has done, and ask themselves whether it is to be blamed or not. The only practical question is whether the nation is to be dragged into a war for any other purpose than the protection of British interests. It is difficult to see how any one could have a clearer opinion on this head, or express it more strongly and pertinaciously, than Lord DERBY. He has told the Turks throughout, and he repeated the statement on Thursday night, when war was known to be unavoidable so far as human foresight can go, that the Turks are not to have any assistance from England. He went, indeed, on Thursday much further than he has ever gone before, for he asserted not only that neither France nor Austria would ask England to put the Treaty of 1856 into effect, but he reserved for England the right in any case to consider whether the treaty had not become, as all treaties are liable to become, obsolete by the lapse of time and the change of circumstances. A remark which Russia would more gladly welcome from the lips of an English Foreign Secretary could not be imagined. That the electors of Salford were in favour of leaving Turkey to its fate, whatever that fate may be, was clear, for as to this both sides were agreed; but this way of looking at things did not create any ground of antagonism to the Ministry, which proclaims energetically that it is precisely of the same opinion. The notion that the Ministry may be overturned by its own supporters is a very visionary one, and those who entertain it fail to take into account both the admirable discipline of the party itself and the probability that the more noisy and unruly Conservatives in the Commons may have something of the same feeling which actuates the friends of the Home Rulers, and may calculate that they cannot do much harm when their own leaders and the Opposition are there to prevent the expression of their sentiments having any practical effect.

THE BUDGET.

THE modest Budget of the present year has offered little encouragement to financial theorists. When the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER could neither remit nor modify the most insignificant tax, elaborate demonstrations that any part of the fiscal system ought to be readjusted can excite but little interest. Captain NOLAN might think himself fortunate in raising a short debate on his plan for an exemption of a fixed portion of every income from taxation. The plan has been often suggested, and it presents a certain show of symmetry; but it would be absurd to relieve the owner of 1,000*l.* a year from a burden amounting to 12*s.* 6*d.*, while the deduction would sensibly affect the public revenue. The exemptions introduced by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE last year were arbitrary and perhaps anomalous, and it is generally agreed that it would not be wise to proceed further in the same direction; but the rough-and-ready mode of relief had the merit of being extended only to the owners of small incomes, or to the poorer section of the middle class. A fixed allowance on incomes large and small would produce no appreciable diminution of discontent. The time is not less unpropitious

for inquiries into the distribution of public burdens. Mr. ANDERSON holds the apparently paradoxical opinion that the poorer classes have within the last few years been subjected to an increased proportion of taxation. If the proposition were established, it would still be impossible to alter the present Budget for the purpose of redressing the supposed inequality. Even if the question were discussed with a practical object at some more convenient time, there is but little chance of a further reduction of duties on consumption, especially as it would necessarily involve an increase of direct taxation. It is possible that, after all the reforms which have been effected in the tariff, the working classes may still contribute more than their due share to the national treasury; but almost the only taxes which they pay are additions to the cost of the beer, the spirits, and the tobacco which they consume. A reduction of the duties on some of these popular luxuries would be almost universally disapproved. It might indeed be well if beer could be cheapened; but both producers and consumers have for some time past discontinued the agitation against the Malt-tax. No Finance Minister is likely to have the whole amount of the tax to spare, and a partial reduction would scarcely affect the retail price of beer.

The economists of a former generation were more fortunate than their successors of the present day in opportunities of denouncing fiscal abuses. Forty years ago the great majority of taxes were demonstrably mischievous, even if the immediate loss to the taxpayer had been put out of consideration. Industry was impeded in innumerable ways; and some imposts, such as the Window-tax, inflicted great injury on the community by affecting personal comfort and health in cases where the tax was evaded. Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. GLADSTONE, with some Finance Ministers of less eminence, have gradually removed all glaring hardships and inequalities. It is perhaps because absolute symmetry of taxation seems no longer out of reach that amateur financiers from time to time propose theoretical approximations to their own standard of perfection. The Income-tax has long been the favourite subject of ingenious reformers. Even the crude notion that a distinction ought to be drawn between incomes of longer and of shorter duration from time to time finds utterance in the House of Commons. Chancellors of the Exchequer, having perhaps no inclination to spend their time in teaching the rudiments of economic science, always meet objections by the vague statement that it is impossible to attain perfect equality. The ancient controversy seems likely to die out for want, not of financial theorists, but of a popular audience. The class which was disposed to clamour against the tax has been bought off by liberal concessions of differential rates and exemptions. It is but dull work to expound the grievances of injured classes which are themselves perfectly contented. If Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or any of his successors become sufficiently prosperous to restore the percentage of two years ago, and to avoid further changes, they will hear little more of the anomalies of the Income-tax. The consumers of tea, of currants, and of a few other commodities which are still liable to Customs duties are scarcely conscious of the artificial addition to the price. One instalment of the free breakfast table has been realized by the abolition of the sugar duty; but it is improbable that tea will for many years be admitted free. If consumption must be taxed, duties ought, as in the case of tea, to be confined to articles which cannot be produced at home. The whole amount of the tax is received by the Treasury, and no tribute is paid to protected producers. In the case of tobacco, legislative prohibition effects the object which in the case of tea or wine is attained by natural unfitness of soil and climate.

The only malcontents who have expressed serious dissatisfaction willingly admit that no redress can be expected until the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is once more in possession of a surplus. The Railway Companies have the advantage of a Report of a Committee in their favour, although Mr. ASHLEY'S speech shows that the members were not unanimous. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE gives little encouragement to prospective demands for relief; and the House of Commons always regards with leniency any special tax which is imposed on a limited section of the community. The brewers are treated with almost deliberate injustice because they are few in number; and also because they are supposed as a rule to be rich. Railway shareholders are sufficiently numerous, and for the most part they are far from rich; but still they form a minority;

and they are often regarded, not in their separate capacity, but as constituent members of large and wealthy corporations. In spite of accepted economic principles, it is generally taken for granted that no part of the tax falls on the consumers or railway passengers. One immediate cause of the agitation against the tax was extremely irritating. It was discovered, after many years of acquiescence on the part of the Government departments, that a legal objection might be raised to claims for exemption which had been allowed to the Companies. The tax was not leviable on trains which traversed the whole line of a railway, stopping at every station, and paid for at the rate of not more than a penny a mile. In course of time the Companies, greatly to the benefit of the working people, improved the speed of the trains; and it appeared by a judicial decision that they had forfeited their exemption. In taking advantage of the result of an oversight, the Government contended that cheap trains had become unexpectedly profitable; but a tax which is levied in virtue of a subtle interpretation of an enactment which had been intended to produce an opposite result is not satisfactory. The unexpected operation of the law would have been corrected if it had not affected Railway Companies, which have for some mysterious reason incurred the ill will of the House of Commons. The special Income-tax on a large portion of their earnings will almost certainly be maintained; but Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE intimated an intention, not of giving the tax away, but of selling it to Companies which might be inclined to give equivalents in the form of accommodation. In the meantime, the monopolists who are constantly denounced by writers and orators must in some cases submit to pay away more than their whole income in the form of passenger duty. The Companies some years ago prudently declined a commutation which was offered by Mr. LOWE. An extension of the duty to goods traffic might have afforded relief to the Southern lines, which depend for their receipts chiefly on passengers; but it would have been indiscreet to establish the principle of indiscriminate taxation of railway traffic. The discussion, which is not of primary importance, illustrates the exaggerated character of the popular belief in the power of Railway Companies. Directors and shareholders, though they are absolutely unanimous in denunciation of the tax, cannot obtain a hearing.

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED GREEKS.

A SERIES of papers has been presented to Parliament illustrating the curious but effective manner in which the Russian Government deals with religious difficulties. In a part of Russian Poland, near the Galician frontier, there has dwelt from time immemorial a population of United Greeks—that is, of persons who at the time of the rupture between the Eastern and Western Churches placed themselves in communion with the latter, but retained the rites and usages of the former. A series of Papal Bulls have been issued at different dates, commencing from the end of the sixteenth century, by which the liberty of these members of the Romish Church to preserve their Greek rites has been guaranteed. But the United Greeks are in many districts scattered among the Polish Catholic population, and for many years a process went silently on by which Romish rites were introduced and the Greek rites were supplanted. The peasantry were attracted by the more gorgeous ritual of the Latin worship, and the landlords—Poles and Catholics—were eager to use their power as patrons of incumbencies to fill the United Greek churches with priests inclined to approach as nearly as possible to the Latin rites. After the Polish insurrection of 1863 the Russian Government decided to stop this process of gradual conversion; for the United Greeks in question are Russians, not Poles, and the Government saw with anxiety this slipping away of a Russian population out of its hands. The higher clergy of the United Greeks sided with the Government, and the lower clergy either followed the example of their superiors or else were summoned before commissioners who asked them their views as to the comparative merits of Greek and Latin rites, and, if the answers were not satisfactory, suspended or banished them. Before long all the United Greek clergy of the district were pledged to uphold the restoration of the pure Greek rite, and it was ordered by the civil and religious authorities that by a

given day the traces of the Latin worship, such as organs and Polish chants, should be altogether swept away. But the congregations rebelled. They had got accustomed to the Latin rite, and claimed that, as their fathers had heard an organ, they might hear one too. The means they took to express their sentiments were of a very practical kind. They attacked their own priests and stoned one to death. Then the military were called in, and the peasants attacked the military. The military retaliated. Some peasants who were actually attacking the soldiers were shot. Others who were in possession of a church into which they refused to admit their priest were flogged, one very vehement woman receiving one hundred lashes. On a much larger number who were in a state of chronic rebellion Cossacks were sent to live, and they were eaten out of house and home. It was only about a tenth part of the Greek population that offered open opposition to the authorities; but this part was very firm, and for a period of two years there was what may almost be termed an agrarian war in the disturbed district. If the soldiers were caught when they could not protect themselves they were waylaid and murdered, and when their numbers enabled them to do as they pleased, the military treated the peasants as Cossacks know how to treat their victims. So far as order was restored, it was due not to the submission of the peasants, but to the increase of the number of the troops to a point which made outward resistance hopeless. The peasants gave up religious worship altogether, and settled down into a state of sullen despair.

The narrative as thus stated takes us down to the latter part of 1874, and it is therefore with some wonder that we find it recorded in April 1875, that all the United Greeks in this part of Poland, to the number of a quarter of a million, had been suddenly and happily converted to the Orthodox Greek Church, and had abjured altogether the Latin worship and the ways and works of Rome. The Russian Government says that this conversion was spontaneous, and was caused by an indiscreet Bull issued by the POPE which did away with the recognition by Rome of the distinctive Greek rites of the United Greeks. This brought home to the people that they must belong to one of the two Churches, and they chose to belong to the Greek Church. They could not bear to be of a different religion from their beloved EMPEROR, and so they all went over to the fold to which he is pleased to belong. In Russia, however, conversion is not an easy matter, even when it is conversion to the dominant religion, and it was some months before these penitent enthusiasts could get permission to be converted to the creed of the CZAR. It was only when the CZAR had himself gained an adequate assurance of their sincerity that the permission was accorded, and then, by way of a beginning, fifty thousand were allowed the privilege of being converted in a day. An imposing ceremonial, at which delegates from the converted villages attended, gave a fitting solemnity to the occasion. Banners were blessed by an Orthodox Archbishop, and given to the delegates to take home with them, and so beautiful a sermon was preached by a priest who himself was a recent convert that tears trickled down the rugged cheeks of his hearers. In three months two hundred thousand more United Greeks had followed the example thus set, and the religious difficulty was at an end. This is the official account. The account given by adverse critics is widely different. Their view is that this wholesale conversion was entirely due to force. Pressure, to use the vague term employed on such occasions, was exercised until pressure had its effect. Not that the pressure was always very great. No critic could be more hostile to the Russian Government than Colonel MANSFIELD, the English Consul-General at Warsaw, whose communications to the Foreign Office form a large part of the papers now published; and Colonel MANSFIELD was throughout of opinion that the mass of United Greeks were not much interested by the Latin rite, and he ascribes their facile conversion, not only to this indifference, but also to the political action of the Slavonic propaganda, which inclined them to be of the same religion as the head of the Slavonic community. But, in the district where the people clung passionately to the rite to which they had grown accustomed, the conversion was, according to Colonel MANSFIELD, far from being gentle, voluntary, or real. He says that the peasants bitterly complained of the conduct of the delegates, who had no authority to represent them, and he

relates a story of a village where the peasants were driven by soldiery through a half-frozen river up to their waists in water to the parish church, where they were made to sign a petition praying for permission to be converted. Even after the conversion was nominally completed, painful differences arose between the peasants and their priests. The peasants insisted on having miracles. The VIRGIN appeared and a crucifix bled; and a priest was much maltreated for venturing to explain that the bleeding was an exudation of resin.

When any attempt is made to pass judgment on transactions of this kind the first thing is to get at the facts; and here the usual experience of atrocity stories repeats itself, and examination shows that it is hard to come at the true story. Colonel MANSFIELD was at Warsaw, where he heard anecdotes related to him by Poles, and these anecdotes of Catholic Poles were his authority for his statements. Lord AUGUSTUS LOFTUS treated the communications of Colonel MANSFIELD with coolness, and when he sought corroboration for them he ascertained that no statements of cruelty having been committed had been transmitted from the Austrian Consul-General at Warsaw to the Austrian Embassy at St. Petersburg. This does not at all show that the stories told by the Poles were not true, but it shows that stories about Russian atrocities, like stories about Turkish atrocities, must be taken with a prudent reserve. Then it must be observed that all the alleged cruelties, or almost all, were committed by soldiers who had been attacked in carrying out their military duty. It was the peasants who attacked the soldiers, and not the soldiers who attacked the peasants. The priest recognized by law was being placed in possession of his church by the authorities, and the congregations resisted by violence the action of the authorities. It is the barbarous use of the lash that shocks Western readers; but it is a barbarism in complete harmony with the savage customs of Russia. If the story of the peasants being driven through freezing water to sign the petition is true, this was an indisputable instance of religious persecution; but most of the anecdotes are tales of the vengeance of soldiers placed in danger of their lives while carrying out the commands of their superiors. That the authorities should interfere to impose a priest on a congregation which does not like him is only an act of persecution when the law allows a congregation to choose what doctrines and rites its priest shall follow. The law recognized, and had for centuries recognized, the United Greeks as having a peculiar religious position, and it was the congregations and not the priests or the authorities who claimed to have this position altered. Nor, again, is it very reasonable to doubt that the Papal Bull of 1874, coupled with the preaching of grand Slavonic ideas, contributed largely to the sudden conversion of the mass of the United Greeks. The many discomforts attending their position as United Greeks, left out, as it were, in the cold between the two religions, had probably much to do with the change; but other motives had also so much to do with it that to call this conversion a forcible one would be unfair both to the converters and the converted. If the whole matter is looked at fairly, it is not so much any exceptional atrocities of the Russian Government that we discover in this instance. It is rather the ordinary character of the Russian Government apparent throughout, its ruthless carrying out of its pleasure, the barbarism of its instruments, the iron tyranny which treats all conversion and all incitements to conversion as crimes unless the State is pleased to approve of the change, the apprehension hanging over every one of exile to Siberia, or banishment or deportation to an unknown settlement where life may be endurable, but old friends are lost, and strangers are set as spies over the newcomer—it is all these things that make us recoil from Russia and the Russian Government, and lament that any fresh portion of the human race should come under the dominion of the Czar.

FRANCE AND RELIGION.

THE condition of Europe at this moment offers a singular contrast to the predictions which used to be common some five-and-twenty years since. It was then popularly supposed that the age of theological enthusiasm had finally passed away. The world had not then come to the conclusion that it could do without a religion altogether; but

it was for the most part content with a creed which it called Christianity, and which was made up in about equal parts of the pleasanter side of Christian morality and the more obvious results of Free-trade. International Exhibitions were supposed to have taken the place of religious functions, and the ennobling aspiration that the produce of all parts of the world might be admitted everywhere free of duty was accepted as an excellent substitute for the old-fashioned doctrine that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." The Papacy in particular was regarded as a played-out institution. The Catholic nations were slowly but steadily growing more enlightened, and as no Protestant would ever again dream of anything so antiquated as persecution, this progress might be trusted to go on without let or hindrance. It was even hoped that in time the POPE would himself see what an anachronism he was in Europe, and after a slight show of resistance consent to some convenient arrangement by which he would retain a certain titular dignity, and enjoy the sort of deference from his spiritual children that a kindly old annuitant may expect to obtain from a family to which he has nothing to leave. In short, a religious peace had been arrived at by the reciprocal indifference of Protestants and Catholics. The one was supposed to see nothing that it was essential to attack; the other nothing that they much cared to defend. The spectacle presented to-day has absolutely nothing in common with the spectacle which might have been looked for after a quarter of a century of this gradual advance towards a commercial millennium. With the solitary exception that France is trying to pretend to feel interested in a possible Exhibition next year, all the conditions have changed. Theological enthusiasm never ran higher. Since the age of the Reformation there has never been anything corresponding to the existing aspect of intellectual Europe. The disintegration of religious belief has undoubtedly gone on much more rapidly and thoroughly than was expected. But, instead of having the effect of bringing men together in a kind of languid acceptance of the substitute most popular at the moment, it has arrayed them in two camps, each of which is daily going forth to the fight and shouting for the battle. The Papacy, though its temporal dominion has disappeared, holds a religious sway more potent than it has exercised for centuries. In Prussia the whole apparatus of persecution has been revived against the Catholics, while Italy seems bent on improving upon Prussian example, and making it impossible for Catholics and non-Catholics to live together except as armed and watchful foes. In France, the most theologically careless of Continental countries, a Catholic reaction is going on before which political passion grows pale. Nothing is talked of, nothing is thought of, but religion, and, no matter in what a controversy begins, it is sure to end in theology. Even the destruction of the POPE's temporal power, which at one time seemed as complete as that of the Holy Roman Empire, is no longer acquiesced in. Catholic hopes of its restoration are no longer set down by the wiser heads of the Church as mere pious fancies; they are accepted as counters having a certain positive value in the game. Without expecting it or knowing it, we have drifted into a region of theological tempest from which no one can see any issue.

It is in France especially that the religious question swallows up all others. It might have been thought that, in a country which is only separated by an interval of three years from a constitutional controversy of the first magnitude, religious disputes would have held a subordinate, if an important, place. The best evidence of the falsity of this anticipation is to be found in the fact that the revision of the Constitution which will be possible in 1880 seems hardly thought of except as it affects the religious future of the country. It may be safely assumed that French politicians have not suddenly and universally become keenly interested in religion; but, what is quite as much to the purpose, they feel themselves driven to feign an interest which they do not feel. This may be an important distinction as regards their souls' health, but it has next to no importance as regards the course of affairs. The passion must exist, or they would not feel it incumbent on them to profess to be possessed by it. Even within the last twelve months there has been a change in this respect. Conservatism has found that even in France it cannot command the enthusiasm which it needs for its work unless it can invoke some more ardent sentiment than the wish to keep what you have and to add what you can to it. It is not

long since both Legitimists and Bonapartists seemed to be using the Church for their own purposes. To-day it would be nearer the truth to say that it is the Church that is using the Legitimists and Bonapartists for her own purposes. Even the adherents of the Count of CHAMBORD have to put forward the religious blessings of a restoration as those which most make it a thing to be desired; and though the Second Empire is a little too fresh in men's recollections to allow the Bonapartists to claim quite the same eminence in piety, yet they are anxious to make it appear that in this respect NAPOLEON IV. would not come far behind HENRY V. The son of a man who in his day had more to do with secret societies than he afterwards cared to remember has found it necessary to give a formal denial to the statement that he had become a Freemason, and a stronger proof could hardly be afforded of the hold which ecclesiastical ideas have over the most secular of French politicians.

M. GAMBETTA's position illustrates the same tendency from the opposite side. It is probable that, if M. GAMBETTA had been able to choose his part freely, he would have wished to conciliate the clergy rather than alienate them. He has shown this disposition as regards the two other classes which the French democracy most hates—the *bourgeoisie* and the peasantry—and there is every reason why he should equally have shown it as regards the clergy. No man knows better than he that, if the Republic is to be firmly set up in France, it must rest on the basis of a large common agreement. To get it accepted by various sections of the population as the system of government under which they will have the freest scope for their several energies is the object which he has all along proposed to himself, and if among these sections the clergy could have been included, the success of the Republic would have been assured. But M. GAMBETTA has seen that this consummation is made impossible by the division existing between the Church and the democratic party. To what extent this division is radical and permanent is a question which does not concern the immediate political issue. The Church as it is and the democracy as it is cherish a mutual hatred of the intensest kind. The gulf between them is one which even M. GAMBETTA's skill in compromise could not hope to bridge over. If he had crossed it himself, he must have crossed it without a follower, and a Radical leader without a Radical party would have been a convert of no consideration. Neither side will accept anything but complete submission. The democracy wishes to see the Church destroyed; the Church wishes to see the democracy subjected to the stern but salutary discipline of an absolute Government. In these circumstances a Republican leader is almost forced to choose his side, and he soon finds that, if he is to choose at all, there is but one choice open to him.

The latest ecclesiastical excitement in France is the letter of the Bishop of NEVERS to Marshal MACMAHON, and the rebuke which the Cabinet has been compelled to administer to the BISHOP. The faithful of the diocese of Nevers cannot complain that they have not a sufficiently vigorous shepherd. No mediæval Pope ever told a King his duty with more plainness than Mgr. DE LADOUÈ has used towards the PRESIDENT of the French Republic. As the Bishop of a Catholic people, he feels bound to tell the MARSHAL that the position of affairs in Italy has become intolerable; that the spiritual liberty of the POPE is of more importance to a Catholic nation than the renewal of the Treaty of Commerce with England; and that though it may not be in the MARSHAL's power to do anything for the POPE at this moment, he ought at least to leave Europe in no doubt as to the feeling of the French Government towards the rival powers which claim Rome as their capital. Let the MARSHAL declare plainly that the France of ST. LOUIS and CHARLEMAGNE has nothing in common with the Italian Revolution. He will thus make France the natural rallying-point of Catholics all over the world, and at all events escape responsibility for the crimes of which Italy is the theatre. Marshal MACMAHON has probably a soldier's dislike to see the clergy invading a province not their own; but the censure which he has ventured to administer will not dispose of the spirit which has called it forth.

THE RAILWAY COMMISSION.

THE Railway Commissioners have lately, in compliance with the Act by which they were constituted, published their third annual Report. As on former occasions,

they hint at the expediency of increasing powers which have in some instances been so exercised as to cause considerable alarm. There is no doubt that the Commissioners have discharged their duties with zeal and integrity; but it was observed that during a considerable time the two lay members who were left alone by the illness and death of Mr. MACNAMARA decided important questions as confidently as if they had been Judges of the highest authority. No tribunal deals with property of greater magnitude; and some of the precedents which are established may affect the value of all the railways in the kingdom. It is always inexpedient to question without urgent necessity the soundness of the decisions of any judicial body; but it is generally thought that the Railway Commissioners have too habitually refused to allow of appeals to a superior Court. In the majority of cases recorded in the Report only questions of fact were in dispute; and in other instances the Commissioners under the Act discharged the functions of arbitrators. It must be presumed that they arrived at sound conclusions; but it may be remarked that neither the judgments which are published nor the general Report furnish sufficient materials for forming an opinion on the merits of the different cases. The evidence and the arguments on either side are necessarily omitted; and it is only possible to discover that the judgments are carefully drawn, and that they may probably be sound. If each Division of the Supreme Court were compelled to publish a similar Report, the result would not be edifying, although judgments on points of law are more useful than accounts of issues of fact. The Report of the Railway Commission is analogous to a report of cases decided at Nisi Prius. A prefatory summary of decided cases has an apologetic air which scarcely becomes the dignity of a judicial body. In several instances the Railway Commissioners give an account of disputes in which they have ultimately had no need to exercise a discretion. It seems scarcely worth while to print at the public expense a statement that two Companies made an arrangement for the division of the proceeds of certain traffic in agreed proportions.

In cases where a formal judgment has been given, the issue is sometimes absurdly small and totally isolated. A certain Company refused to allow another Company to use its running powers by placing on the railway an engine which was said to be dangerously wide. "We decided that," except where less than a space of six feet had been "allowed between the sidings in the station-yard, the engine was not unfit to be used." It may be collected from the special proposition that, if an engine were too wide, the running Company could not compel the owning Company to admit it on their line. In their capacity of arbitrators, the Commissioners have promoted the public interest by constraining with legal strictness ambiguous agreements by which Companies have pledged themselves to restrict the railway accommodation of a district. These agreements have generally acquired Parliamentary validity by being scheduled to Acts; but they fortunately admit of being explained away; and the Commissioners are more ready than ordinary arbitrators to limit the operation of treaties made for purposes of obstruction. A student of the Report must be actuated by morbid curiosity if, except for some practical object, he seeks to comprehend a narrative of the judgment which regulates the times of arrival and departure of the Caledonian trains. The question may probably have been of some importance to the Scotch Companies, and even to the passengers by their lines. The North British Company possessed statutory powers to compel the Caledonian Company to run trains in conjunction with their own. An improvement in the corresponding service of the English Companies affected the time of the Scotch trains; but the Caledonian Company seems to have objected to alter its time-table. The Commissioners gravely state that they have given the relief demanded in respect of three trains; but that they have left the fourth train without alteration. In the same manner a County Court Judge might, if he were compelled to publish his decisions, inform the Crown and the community in general that he had ordered a defendant to pay one part of his debt in a single sum, that he had allowed him time to discharge another part of the claim, and that a third charge had been wholly disallowed. As the law in England is principally extracted from judicial decisions, it is necessary that the determination of litigated questions should be known to lawyers; yet the provision of Reports is left wholly to private enterprise, while the opinion of a

half-lay tribunal that a special agreement is to receive a certain construction is solemnly recorded in a Blue-book.

Several cases are reported in which the Commissioners have decided, for or against Railway Companies, alleged cases of undue preference. Private traders may deal, if they find it their interest, on different terms with their various customers; but, by Mr. CARDWELL'S Act of 1853, Parliament properly restrained Railway Companies from preferring one freighter or carrier to another. The Court of Common Pleas afterwards, by an obviously just interpretation of the Act, allowed Companies in certain cases to grant lower terms to large customers in consideration of greater cheapness or of higher profit. Whether the requisite conditions of differential rates are satisfied is a question proper to be decided in each separate case. The Commissioners have probably, in determining such disputes, given due weight to the facts and arguments on both sides; but they could not alter the principle of the Act as it had been construed by the Court of Common Pleas. If the tribunal is reconstituted when the term appointed by the statute expires, Parliament will do well to omit in a new Act the obligation to report a trivial dispute between a carrier and a Railway Company. It is barely possible that the Reports may furnish arguments to counsel engaged in similar inquiries before the Commissioners; but, even as precedents, former judgments will, from difference of circumstances, be in most cases irrelevant or misleading. The Commissioners themselves are perhaps not unwilling to call attention to decisions which may be thought to prove the utility of a special tribunal. If similar provision were made for the litigation which arises in other branches of business, the Law Courts, which have already occupied many years in construction, would require indefinite extension. There is not the smallest reason why cases of undue preference in contravention of the Act of 1853 should not be heard and decided by the regular Courts. The Commissioners boast at the beginning of their Report that the number of applications has been greater in three years than it had been in the interval between 1853 and the establishment of the Commission. It is true that the existence of a remedy for undue preference is now more generally understood than in former years, and it is possible, though it is not certain, that the proceedings before the Commission may be speedier and cheaper than before the Common Pleas; but against any saving to suitors must be set the charge on the public funds of several thousands a year for a Commission which is not yet provided with full employment.

Some cases which are not included in the present Report have raised grave doubts as to the powers of the Commissioners. In a well-known instance one of two competing Companies, wishing to obtain access to a line and station of the rival Company, and not having sufficient ground to appear in assertion of its claim, was allowed by the Commissioners to use local bodies as its instruments for obtaining a considerable pecuniary advantage to itself. By an ingenious fiction the real applicant appeared as a co-defendant in the suit, and displayed apparent public spirit by ostentatious readiness to comply with the judgment of the Commissioners in his favour. The promoters of the litigation had been defeated in an attempt to obtain the same benefit in an inquiry before a Parliamentary Committee; but the Commissioners assumed a right to provide for the public convenience without regard to the respective rights of the Companies who were the substantial principals in the dispute. In other cases the Commissioners have inclined to favour applications for the improvement of railway stations at the expense of the Companies; and they have not even inquired whether the Companies possessed capital applicable to the purpose. It would be hasty and unreasonable to assume that any tribunal has misunderstood or exaggerated its powers; but, if the Commissioners have rightly interpreted their own jurisdiction, it would seem that Parliament must inadvertently have conferred anomalous powers on a body which can never have been intended to possess an almost unlimited right of interference with property. Two years hence the Commission will expire, unless its powers are renewed; and it will then be possible, if the ordinary Courts cannot be trusted with railway litigation, to limit, to define, or to extend the attributes of the Commission.

HOW TO WASTE PUBLIC TIME.

IF Mr. BIGGAR were capable of taking a lesson, he might have profited by a little incident which occurred on Monday evening. Had any other member given a solitary vote in support of an amendment not of his own introducing, and then challenged the SPEAKER'S decision, it is probable that the mover would have been touched by this devoted exhibition of discipleship, and would have given the supporting Aye which it seems is a necessary qualification for tellership. But the prospect of marching into the lobby in close companionship with the great chief of the obstructives was too much for Sir A. GORDON'S self-possession. He sat mute when Mr. BIGGAR a second time declared that the Ayes had it, and suffered his amendment to fall to the ground in preference to prolonging its existence by Mr. BIGGAR'S aid. If more members would follow Sir A. GORDON'S example, we should not despair of seeing the strategy of the obstructives work its own defeat. There must be many members who have long been dimly conscious of wasting the time of the House of Commons, but have never been really convinced of their sin until they saw it reproduced in colossal proportions in Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL. If these gentlemen would only give full play to their penitent emotion, the gain might more than compensate for the weary hours which must be laid at the door of those two members. As yet, unfortunately, Sir A. GORDON seems to stand alone in his determination to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of Mr. BIGGAR. On this same evening the progress of the Mutiny Bill through Committee was several times delayed by amendments which, if they were not moved with the same purpose as Mr. BIGGAR'S or Mr. PARNELL'S, had very much the same effect. As soon as it became plain that the Irish obstructives had fixed upon the Mutiny Bill as the one which would most easily lend itself to their tactics, the proper course for all other members would have been to accept it *en bloc*. Any really important amendment might have been communicated privately to the SECRETARY OF STATE, and the forbearance shown in not moving it would of itself have given it some claim on his official consideration. Mr. PETER TAYLOR may be acquitted of any desire to stand well with the Home Rulers; but he has not yet shown himself capable of imposing silence on himself in order not unintentionally to play into their hands.

It will be a very great advantage if the terrible example set by Mr. BIGGAR and Mr. PARNELL should lead other members seriously to consider their ways. A correspondent of the *Times* has bidden us take comfort on the score that the House has been relieved of at least half the private business it had formerly to get through; that opposed private business has decreased in more than its natural proportion; that there are no longer any Election Committees; and that it is now very rare for a debate to be continued more than two nights. These grounds of consolation do not seem to be very substantial. The diminution of private business is a saving of time to individual members rather than to the House of Commons. Committees sit in the morning, and, though the hours between twelve and four may be more agreeably passed now than they were ten years ago, it does not make much difference to the public that the members come into the House rather fresher for work. The shortening of debates is the result mainly of accidental causes. If questions of equal importance with those formerly submitted to Parliament should again come up, or if the Opposition should improve in organization and backbone, there would once more be long debates on the second reading of Bills. Besides which the gain, if gain it be, is pretty well neutralized by the immensely longer time which it takes to pass a Bill through Committee. The notice paper gets constantly fuller of notices of amendments, and questions which are supposed to be settled by the rejection of one amendment are raised again and again upon others which are little more than a reproduction of the first, with such colourable differences as are required to evade the eye of the Chairman of Committees. The abuse of questions is less mischievous in its results than the abuse of amendments, because, as no discussion is allowed on questions, the longest list must be got through pretty early in the afternoon. But it is even more an indication of desire to waste time, or rather perhaps of serene indifference as to how much time is

wasted. It is conceivable that a member should persuade himself that the alterations which he wishes to see effected in a Bill are so important that all other business should give way to them. It is charitable to suppose that, if he had not thought them of some consequence, he would not have proposed them, and a man easily exaggerates the significance of changes which he has himself suggested. But no one can be under any delusion as to the trumpery nature of more than half the questions asked in the House of Commons. Some of them relate to matters with which, on any reasonable theory of Parliamentary jurisdiction, the House of Commons has nothing to do. Others are questions which contain their own answer, or have already been answered by events. Others are asked with no other motive than that of making a Minister say Yes or No when it is believed that he has some reason for preferring to say neither. Perhaps the silliest and most needless question ever put was asked last Monday. An old woman had died in great destitution, and it appeared at the inquest that she had been in receipt of an annuity of 5*l.* from some City Company. The funds from which this annuity was provided had been intended for the assistance of persons who were just able to keep themselves off the parish, and it was consequently one of the conditions that they should not be given to paupers. If there had been any machinery for investigating the circumstances of the annuitants, this old woman would no doubt have been told that, as she had no means of subsistence other than the annuity, she was not one of the persons for whom it was designed, and consequently that she had better go into the workhouse. In the absence of such machinery, it was naturally assumed that, as she continued to draw the annuity, she was able to make a living without applying to the Guardians. Unfortunately her independence was greater than her dread of suffering, and, rather than become a pauper, she was willing to starve. The parochial or charitable organization of the district may have been at fault in not ascertaining the state she was in, but it is clear that the persons who gave the annuity were in no way to blame. As a matter of principle, such gifts ought not to be given to persons in receipt of parish relief, and the decision whether a particular case is one for private charity or the Poor-law is not one for the consideration of a City Company. Yet all these facts—facts which on the face of them showed that the matter was not one with which the House of Commons could have any concern—were duly set out in the shape of a question to the HOME SECRETARY.

The motive in all these cases is substantially the same. It is the fussy desire of notoriety which men feel who have neither the ability to make themselves really conspicuous figures in Parliament nor the common sense which would show them that, without this ability, they had better remain contentedly obscure. The changes which the composition of the House of Commons has undergone of late years have naturally tended to bring men of this class into greater prominence. Everybody knows that no man is so fond of having a finger in other people's business as the man who has retired from business on his own account. The habit of being occupied survives, though the occupation itself is gone. The House of Commons now contains a large proportion of members of this type. They have made their fortunes, and gone into Parliament, and the consequence is that Parliament is the place in which their capacity of boring others in preference to being bored themselves finds its natural and ample field. Something must of course be put down to their desire to stand well with their constituents. The fact that a member's name is associated with a list of amendments that fills a page of the notice paper may be turned to some account in the borough which he represents. The electors do not know that these amendments are pure motions of straw, that there is not the least intention on anybody's part of pressing them, and that their destined fate is to be snubbed by the Minister who has charge of the Bill, and then modestly withdrawn. So long as they are still in the future, they look as imposing as though the acceptance or rejection of them were vital to the fortunes of the Bill, and by the time that they have been dismissed to limbo their author will have another set ready, which will have the same local notoriety and the same Parliamentary insignificance. Now that the time of the House of Commons has become too short for all it has to do, interruptions of this kind are no longer innocent. Twaddle may employ as many hours as treason, and when the

Session is not at all too long for the necessary business of Parliament if that business is to be properly done, a member who appropriates any part of it to his own private and particular use does as much injury to the public as is compatible with his natural endowments. Unfortunately the diagnosis of the complaint carries us but a very little way towards the discovery of a cure.

FACTORY AND WORKSHOP LEGISLATION.

A BILL which aims at amending and consolidating the whole law relating to factories and workshops may seem, in the present state of public business, to stand but a poor chance of becoming law this Session. A hundred clauses, in almost every one of which lurks something that is inconvenient to employers, afford a tremendous field for that guerilla opposition which every year becomes more formidable. The only chance that such a measure has lies in the known determination of the Government to pass it, and if Mr. CROSS can bring his colleagues to give this importance to the Factories and Workshops Bill, it will be well that they should let their resolution be known from the first. It might help to smooth matters if before next Thursday a statement was prepared showing what are the parts of the Bill that introduce any change into the law. A consolidation Bill which is treated as entirely a new measure runs a tremendous risk of being talked out. The present Bill repeals and re-enacts some twenty statutes; and unless some effort is made to restrict the debate on its provisions to those which are really new, there is no reason why the progress in Committee should not be as slow as though all the twenty Acts were under discussion. It will be a very great gain to have the Bill passed, even though it should only consolidate the existing laws. At present there are Factory Acts, Workshop Acts, Factory Extension Acts, and Workshop Regulation Acts; and the restrictions upon employment imposed by one of these Acts are hardly even an index to the restrictions upon employment imposed by the others. In some instances the distinction corresponds with a real distinction in the character of the labour, but in others it is purely arbitrary. This state of things increases the work of the Inspectors, leaves great room for evasion, and even for genuine ignorance of the law, and irritates those employers who think that they are more hardly dealt with than their neighbours. The Reports of the Factory Inspectors are full of examples of all these inconveniences arising from the present confused state of the law, and if Mr. CROSS succeeds this year in putting an end to it, he will have made a considerable addition to his legislative successes.

Anything like detailed criticism on a Bill of this nature must be reserved for a later stage of its progress. All that can now be attempted is to give a general view of what it proposes to make law. The Bill begins by providing that all factories and workshops shall be kept clean, free from offensive effluvia, not overcrowded to a degree injurious to health, and so ventilated as to render harmless the gases and other impurities generated in the course of the manufacture. In the next place, certain specified machinery is to be securely fenced, and the Inspector may call on the occupier of any factory to fence any machinery not so specified if it shall appear to be dangerous. In this case an appeal will lie to arbitrators appointed by each side. The same process may be resorted to in the case of grindstones which are either faulty or insecurely fixed. The remainder of the first part of the Bill relates to the employment of women and children. Women are not to be employed in any textile factory, except during a period of twelve consecutive hours, beginning either at six or seven in the morning and ending either at six or seven in the evening. Out of these hours not less than two shall be devoted to meals, and no woman or young person shall be employed continuously for more than four hours and a half. The regulations about the employment of children are more complicated. In factories no child—that is, no person under fourteen—can be employed except on alternate days, or on the morning or afternoon of successive days. The rules for non-textile factories and for workshops are substantially the same as for textile factories except that in some particulars a little more work is allowed to be done in them. Women employed in workshops which employ children are to be treated as though they were "young persons"; but where no children or young persons are employed, women may be employed for a period of not more than twelve

hours, inclusive of meals, between 6 A.M. and 9 P.M. The hours assigned for meals must be the same for all children, young persons, and women employed in the factory or workshop. Children who are employed in the morning must go to school in the afternoon, children who are employed in the afternoon must go to school in the morning, and children who work every other day must attend school in the morning and afternoon of the alternate day. If a child has not made the proper number of attendances in any week, he will not be allowed to go to work until he has made up the deficient attendances. The principal teacher of the school at which a child attends may apply to the employer to deduct the schooling of the child from his wages, and the employer must thereupon pay over the deducted pence to the teacher. In the case of persons under sixteen there is a further provision that they shall not be employed in factories or in certain classes of workshops without a medical certificate that they are physically fit for it. In the case of those who hold these certificates, the Inspector may insist upon a fresh examination being made of any person under sixteen whom he thinks to be unfit for work.

Certain classes of factories and workshops are subjected to exceptional exemptions, and also to exceptional disabilities. In places where grinding, glazing, and polishing on a wheel is carried on, the Inspector may order the use of a fan to prevent the inhalation of dust; and where flax or hemp is spun in a wet state the workers must be protected from water and steam. Children and young persons are not to be employed in certain specified processes which are specially injurious to health. In certain other unhealthy employments no child or woman is allowed to remain during meals in those parts of the factory or workshop in which particular processes are carried on; and the SECRETARY OF STATE may extend this prohibition to other classes of workshops if it shall appear to him necessary, or may rescind it if he shall be of opinion that the need has ceased. The list of exceptions as regards hours of work is a very long one. In certain cases in which the customs or exigencies of the trade either generally or in any particular locality require it, the SECRETARY OF STATE may permit work to begin later in the morning and end proportionately later in the evening. In lace factories a boy above sixteen may begin work as early as four in the morning or as late as ten in the evening, provided that his hours of actual work do not exceed nine, that, if he is employed early in the morning, he shall not be employed late at night on the same day, and that if he is employed late at night he shall not be employed early in the morning of the next day. Several trades have certain liberty in the matter of hours specifically granted to them. In cases in which the business depends on the weather or on the season of the year, young persons and women may be employed for fourteen hours on any one day, provided that they are not so employed for more than five days in any one week, or for more than forty-eight days, or, in the case of women, ninety-six days, in the year. Where the process at which children or women are employed is in an incomplete state at the end of the day, they may be employed for half an hour longer on condition that their aggregate work in that week does not exceed the prescribed number of hours. Boys above fourteen may be employed at night provided that they are not employed during the day preceding or following, and that they are not employed more than six nights in a fortnight. Inspectors appointed under the Act will have power to enter any factory or workshop, taking with them, if need be, a constable or a certifying surgeon, to require the production of all documents kept in pursuance of the law, and to examine any person whom they find employed in a factory or workshop, or whom they have reasonable cause to believe to be employed there, or to have been employed within the two months preceding. Any person delaying to admit an Inspector, or concealing from him any child or woman, will be deemed guilty of obstruction. The Inspector will have the power of appointing certifying surgeons. The name and address of the Inspector and surgeon, with an abstract of the Act, must be affixed at the entrance of every factory or workshop so as to be easily read by the persons employed.

It will be seen that, though the particular provisions of this Bill may need consideration and revision, it would be difficult to make the scope of it more comprehensive. The whole area of women and children's labour is covered by it; and, as regards the former at all events, it

will probably be contended that there is rather too much interference with their right to make their livelihood at their own pleasure. The Bill has the merit of being as simple and intelligible as the complicated character of its provisions will admit; and, if it is passed, we shall for the first time know what the precise law about factories and workshops is.

MR. CROSS AND THE TICHBORNE DEPUTATION.

IT is much to be regretted that the HOME SECRETARY, though as usual acting with the best intentions, should have made the great mistake of departing from an old and sound precedent in granting what Mr. WHALLEY himself has admitted to be "the unusual privilege of a personal interview" to a set of persons who wish to upset the ordinary course of justice. Mr. WHALLEY also explained that "the deputation desired to have the opportunity of bringing before the right honourable gentleman such further evidence as might be available in support of the appeal on behalf of the convict that he was the person he pretended to be—ROGER TICHBORNE, or, at all events, not ARTHUR ORTON, or, failing to establish either of these propositions, that he had not had the means of conducting his defence in such a manner as justice required." It appears that the HOME SECRETARY was not beforehand aware of the particular points which the deputation wished to bring under his notice; but he can have had no doubt as to that after Mr. WHALLEY's explanation. Indeed, he himself desired the deputation "plainly to understand that it had not been the practice in this Office for the SECRETARY OF STATE ever to receive a deputation in respect to any criminal, and therefore it was quite impossible to allow any discussion on the merits of the case itself." And there he ought clearly to have stopped, or rather he ought to have in the first instance refused to receive the deputation for this obvious and well-established reason. Yet he not only fell into this error, but even allowed Mr. DE MORGAN to justify the unquestionably unlawful tumultuous gathering in close proximity to the Houses of Parliament on the previous evening; and did not stop even Mr. SKIPWORTH, although his previous eccentricities were so well known, until he made a declaration that there was "a very serious agitation in the country upon this question, and that it had gone on increasing, and was likely to increase, and that nothing but an outbreak —." And here, at last, it dawned on Mr. Cross that this was not language to which a Minister could listen. But, unfortunately, he again put himself back into a false position when, after this outrageous demonstration, he said, "I thought it best for me to say what I had to say to you in this room, and to state to you exactly the views, not only of this Government, but of any other Government, on that point"; and that it was "only right that you should understand that, while I meet you here, in a somewhat unusual way, to speak to you privately, and not from my place in Parliament, if a motion should be made to hear any one from the Bar as asked, I should feel bound to advise the House not to accede to it." It is obvious that nothing can be more inconvenient and dangerous than to permit pressure of this kind to be brought to bear on a Minister in order to get Government to overrule the ordinary administration of justice; and it is to be hoped that a firm stand will in future be made against such illogical and useless concessions as that which Mr. Cross has granted in this case. At the time of the Hyde Park riots, the Minister who had to discuss the question with the leaders of the mob was moved to tears; and the present HOME SECRETARY's fatherly and confidential talk with the TICHBORNE deputation seems to be a weakness of the same kind.

THE VICTORIOUS CITY.

ALTHOUGH Cairo is, strictly speaking, in Africa, it is the most intensely and typically Asiatic city in the world. Except, perhaps, at Damascus, there is no other place in which the characteristics of the Mahometan Semitic races can be so easily studied. The people call themselves not Egyptians, but Arabs. They talk Arabic, and are of the religion of the Arabian Prophet; though it would not be easy to say from what original stock they are really derived. Are they, in the main, descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Memphis? The Copts, whose name would make them the representatives of the old Egyptians, are even now easily distinguished from the ordinary "Arabs" by their superior appear-

ance. But they may represent the governing classes, those who compelled the construction of the great monuments, and whose features are found in the statues of the mighty monarchs of thirty and forty centuries ago. The lower ranks are Mahometans, and possibly many of them are Arabs; but they are a down-trodden race, the servants of servants, the toilers, and cannot differ very much from the people of whom Herodotus says, truly or falsely, that a hundred thousand of them at a time were forced by Cheops to build his pyramid. But Masr el Kahira, "the victorious city," is altogether Arab. The Roman fortress, erected to overawe Memphis, and still known as Babylon, is tolerably perfect; much more perfect, indeed, than any remnant of the Roman rule in England; but it lies some miles south of Cairo, and was not even included in the early Arab town, Fostat, now called Old Cairo. As Egypt was one of the first conquests of Mahomet's disciples, one of the earliest seats of the great Caliphs, and long the centre of Arab civilization, it has more features of purely Arab type than Constantinople, or indeed any other Oriental city of its size either in Europe, Asia, or Africa. The traveller, therefore, who desires to see the Mahometan at home cannot do better than seek him in Cairo, and he finds in the narrow, picturesque streets of the old parts of the town scenes of interest which he may seek in vain elsewhere. When he emerges into the modern quarters the change is remarkable. Though all the tyranny of the Turks has not sufficed to alter the indelible characteristics of the place, and though the wide squares, the fountains, the gardens, the arcades, the watered roads, the rows of villas have a half-French look, the people who crowd every thoroughfare are as unlike anything European as they can be. Here, a long string of groaning camels, led by a Bedouin in a white capote, carries loads of green clover or long faggots of sugar-cane. There, half-a-dozen blue-gowned women squat idly in the middle of the roadway. A brown-skinned boy walks about with no clothing on his long, lean limbs, or a lady smothered in voluminous draperies rides by on a donkey, her face covered with a transparent white veil, and her knees nearly as high as her chin. A bullock-cart with small wheels, which creak horribly at every turn, goes past with its cargo of treacle-jars. Hundreds of donkey boys lie in wait for a fare, myriads of half-clothed children play lazily in the gutters, turbaned Arabs smoke long pipes and converse energetically at the corners, and every now and then a pair of running footmen, in white shirts and wide short trousers, shouts to clear the way for a carriage in which, behind half-drawn blinds, some fine lady of the Viceregal harem takes the air. She is accompanied perhaps by a little boy in European dress, and by a governess or nurse whose bonnet and French costume contrast strangely with the veiled figure opposite. A still greater contrast is offered by the appearance of the women who stand by as the carriage passes, whose babies are carried astride on the shoulder, or sometimes in the basket so carefully balanced upon the head. The baskets hardly differ from those depicted on the walls of the ancient tombs, and probably the baby, entirely naked and its eyes full of black flies, is much like what its ancestors were in the days of the Pharaohs. In the older quarters of the town the scenes are much the same, only that there is not so much room for observing them; for the streets are seldom wider than Paternoster Row, and the traveller who stops to look about him is roughly jostled by Hindbad the porter, with his heavy bale of carpets, or the uncle of Aladdin, with his basket of copper lamps, or the water-carrier clanking his brazen cups, with an immense skin slung round his stooping shoulders.

Those sanguine people who believe in the possibility of reformation and improvement under Turkish rule should visit Egypt. We are so often told of the enlightened policy of the Khedive that some of us, especially those who only look at Cairo through the windows of a comfortable hotel, are inclined to think that nothing but the incorrigible stupidity of the people prevents their improvement. But a little inquiry soon demonstrates the truth. The civilization of the Viceregal Government is more apparent than real. Where Europeans come, and where European public opinion can be brought to bear, there is a semblance of justice, of economy, of progress. But it is only a semblance. The hideous bulk of the Mosque of Mehemet Ali in the citadel dominates in every view of Cairo, and the Khedive himself seems to fill the foreground in every social or political view of the Egyptians. There is no private enterprise. Why should a man lay by money when it will almost certainly be taken from him? Why should he improve his land when the Pasha may some day seize it? Why should he endeavour to educate his sons when they may be taken like runaway convicts, and sent he knows not where, under the forms of conscription? All round about Cairo there are vast lath and plaster buildings, chiefly standing in wide gardens and surrounded by high walls; you ask what they are, and the answer is always the same—palaces of the Khedive. Three years ago it was reported that his Highness had thirty-three palaces, but he still goes on building. A magnificent but flimsy villa, surrounded by a large park, has just been furnished at Ghizeh, in sight of the Pyramids. Another is in process of completion on the opposite side of the road. There is a long, low house, round three sides of a square, in the heart of the city. There is a long red wall made of boarding painted to imitate brickwork, facing the island of Roda. There is a splendid but tawdry plasterwork palace at Gezireh, on the west bank opposite Boulak. There is a half-built "hôtel" in the French style near Old Cairo. There is a vast series of irregular halls and rooms of state in the citadel. In fact,

everywhere you turn there is some such house building, or built, or abandoned and closed; and every one of them is a "palace of the Khedive." It is the same as you ascend the river, until it becomes one of the standing jokes of the Nile voyage wherever a house, or gardens, or white walls appear, to ask, "Is that a palace of the Khedive?" And in nine cases out of ten the answer is in the affirmative, while in the tenth case it is that the building in question belongs to one of the Khedive's sons, or sons-in-law, or stepmothers, or cast-off concubines. If, as your boat lies at Ghizeh, you look out of your window in the early morning, you will probably see a long and melancholy procession on the bank. First comes an ill-looking man in a red fez and a long white shirt, carrying a cane. Then come two or three dozen boys and girls, half naked, footsore, weeping as they limp along, or trying to sing a kind of slow chorus, and following them another man with a cane, which he freely uses to encourage the loiterers. This is a gang of day labourers. The Khedive is filling up some low-lying land with earth taken from the river's bank, and these poor little wretches have been requisitioned from the villages and suburbs to carry the soil from one side of the road to the other. They are paid a microscopic sum—at least it is paid to the taskmaster—and you hope against hope that they ever get any of it. In the hot midday you pass by the scene of labour and see them at work, and after sunset you hear the sad chant of the morning and see the same processions, without the canes, going home. It is shocking to see young girls carrying huge burdens of earth, or baskets of lime for the builders, or running up and down to the Nile for water for the workers, their feet and often their bare shoulders bleeding. Their lives are "bitter with hard bondage, in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field," as Moses wrote of the Israelites; only that now it is the Egyptians themselves who suffer at the hands of the Turks. Forced labour is still the rule all through Egypt, as it probably was thirty centuries ago. All the great works have been performed by it. At the sugar factories in Upper Egypt, at the Canal works, at the railways, and, above all, at the palaces of the Khedive, the labourers are driven to their tasks, and are paid as their masters please. In the sugar factories they receive a portion of treacle, valued at the highest market price, for their wages; and, if they like, can sell it back again at the lowest price. Just as we may suppose the great Pyramids on the long line of hills above the ancient Memphis to be symbolical of the tyranny which afflicted the labouring population of the vast city so many centuries ago, so the earthworks, the long walls, the high roadways, and the palaces of the Khedive are signs of the afflictions which English money enables the Turkish rulers to lay upon Cairo and all Egypt.

To say that the Viceregal Government is unpopular with the lower orders would be to speak too favourably of it, as we understand the unpopularity of an English Minister. A recent traveller had occasion to ask a Fellah if he could say to whom one of the suburban mansions belonged. "It is of course," was the reply, "a palace of the Khedive now, but it was built by the man who has gone to open the gates of Gehenna for him." Thus a prosperous man, as the Egyptians count prosperity, spoke of his Sovereign and the late Finance Minister. "But," he was asked again, "Sadyk Pasha was banished, not put to death." "Well, it comes to the same thing," was the answer; "he went to Dongola, and there the coffee did not agree with him." Every traveller who has come into contact with the lower orders in Egypt can tell similar stories if he likes; and it may be asserted broadly that the Turk is quite as much disliked by the Egyptian, be he Copt or Arab, as by the Greeks or the Armenians. He offends their religious prejudices as well as their sense of justice. One of the first objects seen on arrival at Cairo is a statue representing, in bronze of colossal size, Mehemet Ali on horseback. To make statues is a crime of great magnitude to the Moslem mind. It is characteristic of the bastard civilization grafted upon Egypt by its present rulers, that, though the statue is bronze and a fine work of art, the lofty pedestal is of wood, painted in imitation of stone. A similar and equally typical example of the way in which public works are carried out may be seen in the mosque in the citadel. The walls are lined with slabs of alabaster for about twenty feet from the ground, and above that height are painted and grained in imitation. Immediately below this monstrous monument of Turkish taste is the mosque of Sultan Hassan, an edifice contemporary with our own Salisbury cathedral, and worthy of careful study by every lover of simplicity and beauty in architecture; and here, while countless sums have been laid out on a French Alhambra kind of mosque close by, the whole building is going to destruction from neglect; its exquisite fretwork of precious inlays dropping from the walls, the roof of the central kiosk stripped off in great patches, the beautiful Syrian lamps, so much praised in the guide-books, all gone, and the vane of the graceful minaret bowing to its fall. Yet it may be safely predicted that something of Sultan Hassan's building will remain long after every palace of the Khedive has disappeared. English bondholders may wonder where their money has gone, but a few days in Cairo would soon settle their minds. Let them look at the palaces, as aforesaid; let them walk past two or three of the vast barracks, each filled with black regiments, every man of which has been bought from a slave-dealer in Central Africa and transported at immense cost, in spite of all treaties with the abolitionists. Let them stand aside as two grooms in purple and gold and fine linen clear the way for a mag-

nificant pair of English high-stepping horses, drawing the carriage in which one of the Viceroyal family is seated, while a couple of hussars trot at the wheels; let them, in short, see Cairo as it is, and not through the false gloss of half French civilization which its Turkish conquerors have imposed on it.

PLAGUE OF CIRCULARS.

THE proficiency of some ancient peoples in the fine arts is supposed to have been due to their always having had the best models before their eyes. Their taste became insensibly affected by the purest influences, and awake to the slightest deflection from the beautiful. In the same way it is to be supposed that the generations which succeed our own will carry the art of advertising to a perfection at present undreamed of. Even now, whenever we go out of doors, our eyes are habituated to monstrous devices, and assailed by an endless variety of crude colours and gigantic letters, which are the modern substitute for the old plan of blowing a trumpet before one. The splashboards of cabs, the compartments of railway carriages, the tops of omnibuses, every empty corner, and all hoardings, are decorated with mysterious names, or names of world-wide notoriety. Pictures of dogs and rabbits undergoing, with a calmness which speaks of anaesthetics, the complicated tortures of vivisection, alternate with a study of a monk in an ecstasy over the virtues of his convent's liqueurs. The Christian names and pet names of young ladies who condescend to adorn the British stage compete with the titles of some scores of fresh weekly publications. The new picture gallery which is to revive English painting under the sweet influence of dados does not disdain to announce itself by the same methods as patent starch and sewing machines. The eyes are dazed by the prodigality of cheap colour, and the mind wearied as if by the entreaties of the importunate widows with match-boxes and nine small children who infest side streets. The very flagging on which one walks is branded with the names of plays, or of shopkeepers who clamour for custom; and it is only after a man reaches his own door and enters the sanctity of his home, that he can expect to escape advertisements.

Any such expectation is of course doomed to wretched disappointment. The advertisers of every sort have long been aware of the virtues of the penny post, and have made post-time hideous. Different people have different views of the sensations produced by receiving letters. Some persons feel, or affect, a horror of correspondence. They give you to understand that all news to them is likely to be bad news, or news in which they are not interested. If they have friends, they do not wish to hear from them and so become their debtors for an epistle which it is a labour to write. Letters not from friends are apt to be reminders of debt. As people grow older, they become more averse to letters, which young people generally welcome with some little excitement. But the advertiser and the importunate person have made letters equally distasteful to young and old, to the cynical and the sympathetic. They have employed the post as a means of thrusting their greedy and impertinent existence within the Englishman's castle, and they succeed in spoiling his temper at breakfast first, and then at almost every hour of the day. A man is anxious to hear about some matter of business or of private importance, and in the crowd of envelopes which await him, he expects to find the letter he wants. But all the envelopes cover petitions for custom, or for charity in one shape or another. The senders forth of circulars have become too wary to use the blue and businesslike envelope in which the eye at once detects an advertisement or a dun. They employ clerks who do not write a clerk's hand, but imitate the writing of ladies and gentlemen. They are great in monograms, and rejoice in twisted snakes and combinations of mediæval letters. They are even in danger of overdoing this trick, and people will soon come to regard an ornamental device on an envelope as the mark of the beast, and the note of the advertiser and the begging-letter impostor. Perhaps the greatest impertinence of which these noxious people are guilty is the use of scented paper in their communications—paper which poisons the air, and excites a wild irritation in the mind of the recipient which surely cannot be good for the intrusive tradesman.

It is impossible, of course, to number and describe the various contents of the postal advertisement. Some of the persons who issue circulars inclose in the bedizened envelope a post-card for an answer, their purpose being to give the appearance of a card of invitation to some rich man's banquet. Thus they hope to secure the opening of the envelope, which otherwise might be tossed unnoticed into the waste-paper basket. Not so often now as formerly, the lithographed letter offers to lend money at a rate and on security suggested by charity rather than by commercial speculation. Seedy wine-merchants deal largely in the postal circular, and flashy drapers invite attention to their "sumptuous show-rooms." Lecturers entreat your attendance at the South Kensington College for Ladies, where you may be instructed in the language and literature of England. One peculiarly impudent circular calmly announces that Messrs. So-and-so "desire to call attention to the fact that they do not seek for patronage by means of advertisement in the daily papers," because "advertising is such a heavy item in the working expenses of a business." To intrude, as it were, upon the privacy of people dazed with advertisements, to tell them, in a friendly way, that you prefer to bore them at home because it is

cheaper, is an instance of almost ideal coolness. The benevolent adventurer is, if possible, more daring than even the enterprising shopkeeper. One lady, for example, sends a circular in which she sets forth the merits of her schools for girls. As she is deeply interested in her schools, she hopes that you will excuse her for trying to make you deeply interested in them. Her schools are not open to public inspection, and she does not pretend to enable her pupils to compete with young ladies who attempt the Cambridge examinations; but many clergymen have expressed their surprise at the knowledge of her pupils. This sort of circular ends with a request for an answer, and a threat that, if you do not reply, you will be attacked with a fire of fresh circulars, till you give in and parley. Parley in such a case, as the French proverb says, means surrender. The clergy are continually evoked, as the patrons of circulars, by the writers of begging letters, and few people make a more unscrupulous use of the post than clergymen in want of subscriptions. Thus a clergyman wishes to restore his church, or to build a new one, or to buy an organ, or what not. If he confined his importunities within the circle of his parish, no one need find fault with him. But his church is in the North-West of England, and the happy thought occurs to him that there is such a thing as a North-Western Railway. Immediately he sends a circular to all holders of the stock of this line whose existence he can ascertain, entreating them to help him to buy his organ, or build his spire, which they cannot but wish to see done at once. The railway, that great bond of union, connects all holders of its shares with his parish of Stickton-le-Mud, and makes the wants of the parson of Stickton important to a wide circle of people who never heard of him before.

University men may remember that when they succeeded in taking a pass degree, or in gaining the Ireland Scholarship, or in any other way became conspicuous above their fellows, their staircase was at once crowded by shabby people who took a lively interest in their welfare. Dinky creatures who had never heard of them before now avowed that they had rung bells to their glory and were eager to drink their honour's noble health. This was a standing tax on momentary notoriety, and in these days of circulars few people escape a similar tax. Is there a death in a family? At once a troop of ghouls pour in their black-edged circulars, full of condolence and advertisements of mourning warehouses. Naturally some one must open the letters in a time of trouble and confusion, and it is difficult to express the disgust with which the texts, and verses, and references to reformed funeral arrangements are read. Every pushing shopkeeper thrusts his greasy condolence, and the notice of his pious readiness to spare expense, or to honour the dead in a more sumptuous way, on the grief of widows and orphans. Another torment is still more ridiculous than this, but equally testifies to the extreme selfishness, bad taste, and greed of the people who descend to it. As soon as a birth is announced in the column of newspapers dear to ladies, the home of the infant is delayed and his parents distracted with circulars, most of which contain small packets of socks for the sweet baby. The people who send the socks are sometimes "young ladies in distressed circumstances," sometimes afflicted but honest "members of poor families," sometimes "mothers who have seen better days," very often clergymen's wives who are anxious to restore their husbands' churches. The impudence of vulgar piety can hardly go further. Of course the people who send cheap ready-made socks for the baby wish to have them returned if they are not purchased, and of course they enclose quite friendly notes expressive of sympathy and full of congratulations. For the small sum of one shilling and sixpence all this friendly interest can be secured as a permanent possession. The trick is like the advertising wine-merchant's plan of sending about dozens of champagne in the guise of Christmas presents. Perhaps the clergywomen should be punished by having their wares detained, while other stocking-makers may have their produce returned with the postage unpaid. The torment of circulars has grown to such a height that a name cannot appear in print but the owner of the name is made the butt of advertisements and begging letters. A man publishes a book, and the begging letter-writer is down on him with requests for a present of a copy. A young author may be flattered, but a more experienced hand knows that his "History of the Barbers" will be promptly converted into an equivalent in gin, which by no means represents the money value of the volumes. The notoriety which any chance may give attracts the advertiser, who, because you have escaped from a railway accident, sends you a note to recommend his "invalid chair," or, if you have had a fall in the hunting-field, presses on you a stirrup with a name which bears a distant resemblance to Greek. If betrothals were publicly announced in this country, as in Germany, which is happily not the custom, all the furniture men would beset the happy pair with their "hiring system," their machine-made old Saxon chairs and tables, their pianos, and the rest of their abominations. But no one can put into practice the Epicurean's motto so carefully, and choose so well the *fallentis semita vite*, that the advertiser will not hear of him and make him a victim. The odd thing is that this persecution must pay, or it would not be so prevalent. Some persons must be so constituted, impossible as it may seem, as to purchase the articles recommended in impudent letters which reek of musk. This is a very unhappy thought, revealing as it does unfathomed depths of human stupidity. Circulars may most wisely be regarded as trials of patience permitted for some wise purpose to tempt and assail an irritable generation. A man who can endure

them without loss of temper will not be irritated by Highland midgets on a salmon river—perhaps the most maddening of all heaven's creatures—nor by the arrangements of the Metropolitan Railway, nor by the music and the monkeys of Italian organ-grinders.

THE NEXT CONCLAVE.

IT would be, in ecclesiastical phraseology, exceedingly "rash and temerarious" to hazard any confident prediction as to the precise date of the next Papal Conclave. Beyond the facts, on the one hand, that Pius IX. has attained to a very great age, and on the other hand that he belongs to an exceptionally long-lived family, and still retains at eighty-five a very exceptional command of both his mental and bodily faculties, there are no very trustworthy data to go upon. It is true that scarcely a day passes without some fresh report of his failing health, to be followed the next day by a fresh contradiction. But there are so many people with whom it appears to be a matter of policy always to represent the Pope as moribund, if not actually dying, and so many more with whom it is almost a matter of faith to represent His Holiness as in a state of robust health—as though bodily "indefectibility" were included in the Vatican decree—that the reports of either kind have to be so largely discounted as to become practically worthless. In view however of the Pope's great age, and the signs of gradually increasing weakness about which there does not seem to be much dispute, it is natural that the question of what is to happen after his death should be regarded as not "beyond the range of practical politics." Hence the endless surmises, and the vast amount of information—by no means uniformly correct—volunteered from various quarters as to the arrangements of Papal elections in general, and the probable conduct and issue of the approaching Conclave. We reviewed not long since a gossipy book of Mr. Adolphus Trollope's, based so far as the facts are concerned on Mr. Cartwright's classical work on the subject, but with a considerable admixture of fiction and an inordinate amount of padding superadded by himself. Mr. Taylor Innes has taken up the question in a more serious spirit, as might be expected, in the *Contemporary Review*, and has studied Mr. Cartwright's book to better purpose than Mr. Trollope, and without Mr. Trollope's perverse passion for obtruding inaccurate corrections of his own. But, if he is sounder and less inventive in his history, Mr. Innes is much bolder in his theorizing as to the future, and all the concluding portion of his essay reads very much as if the wish had been allowed to become the father of his thought. A reform of the Roman Catholic Church may be a very laudable aspiration or a legitimate aim of action, but even Father Hyacinthe's hair would stand on end at the very simple and drastic scheme proposed by this writer for its accomplishment. We have no disposition to quarrel with his opening statement that the Conclave on the death of the present Pope will be one of the most important in history, nor have we any objection to his inquiring, if he pleases, "what are the greater questions which must then emerge?" But we cannot agree with him that one of these "greater questions" will be the competition—and, as he evidently anticipates, the successful competition—of an anti-Pope.

After some stray remarks on the ceremonial of Conclaves which will tell Mr. Cartwright's readers nothing new, the writer quotes the three articles of the Italian Guarantee Laws bearing on a Papal interregnum which distinctly secure the personal and official freedom of the Cardinals; and although there is no special provision authorizing them, as the Pope himself is authorized, to retain guards of their own, we cannot see what practical difference that would make as long as the Government honestly intended to keep faith with the Curia. From these minor points Mr. Innes passes to what he rather oddly calls "the power of an existing Pope over the Assembly which is to elect his successor." This of course can only mean the power of a Pope during life over the Sacred College in filling up vacancies, restricting or annulling the rights of its members, and suspending, as has been done in some extreme cases, under the plea of urgent necessity, the ordinary regulations as to time, place, and other technical details, for the Conclave meeting after his death. Here, again, Mr. Innes has simply borrowed from Mr. Cartwright's book information with which our readers may already be presumed to be familiar. But when he makes the marvellous assertion that, "if the existing holder of the Papal Chair has the unlimited power of appointing, and also of deposing, the electors, the election is virtually left in his hands," we cannot but feel that there are other parts of Mr. Cartwright's instructive volume, to say nothing of the whole history of the Papacy, which he has studied to very little purpose indeed. In the first place, according to all precedent the Pope has no power whatever of "deposing the electors," though Pius IX. affected to do so in the notorious case of Cardinal Andrea—an arbitrary stretch of prerogative which would certainly have been called in question, and almost certainly disallowed, if the Cardinal had happened to survive him. In the next place, the elaborate and studiously complex machinery of election suggests *a priori*, what the unbroken experience of centuries confirms *a posteriori*, that it is simply impossible to conjecture—still more to decide—beforehand, who will prove the successful candidate. The last Conclave is a case in point. Gregory XVI. had reigned long enough to fill the Sacred College with "creatures" of his own, and the Conservative party, as it is called, among the Cardinals had an overwhelming majority, in spite of which the election fell upon that one of their number who

was reputed to be the extremest Liberal. It is, indeed, open to a Pope, if he so pleases, secretly to nominate his successor, and some very eminent pontiffs, like Hildebrand, have been requested to do so. But such an act could have no binding validity after his decease, and it is very unlikely that Pius IX., who is not lacking in Italian shrewdness, has taken a step the almost inevitable result of which would be to secure the rejection of his nominee, from the resentment of the Cardinals at such an interference with the freedom of election. That he may have drawn up, like some of his predecessors, a dispensing bull or brief as to certain technical arrangements of the Conclave is highly probable, though the necessity for using it does not at present appear very likely to arise.

So far Mr. Innes has not done much more than cite or paraphrase various passages of Mr. Cartwright's book, with a running commentary of some not very felicitous remarks and inferences of his own. But when he proceeds from these "internal questions" to consider the superseding by some external power of the rights of the Conclave altogether in the election of Popes, he touches on a much larger and more difficult question, and his treatment of it shows that he has got quite out of his depth, and is engaged in constructing with some ingenuity a paper theory which has no real relation to the forces actually in conflict. As a paper theory it may have its interest, but it sheds no new light on existing facts. That we have not at all exaggerated the scope of his article is clear from the concluding words, where, in reference to a statement that, whatever changes in the detailed arrangement may be designed, "the principle of the Conclave has been preserved," the writer observes, "What if Europe in the present—what if the Church in the future—should object most of all to that very principle?" He speaks accordingly of the great question of the validity of the coming election having been first raised by Prince Bismarck's Circular addressed to the European Governments in May 1872, claiming for them a right to control the legitimacy of the election, to which however they (very wisely) "gave, it is said, a negative reply." And then follows an account of a newspaper controversy on the same subject carried on between the official, or officious, organs of the German and Italian Governments three years later, which of course led to no practical result. Mr. Innes then goes on to explain more exactly what he means and desires. The primary question, he considers—the italics are his own—will be "that of recognition of the new Pope" by the different Governments, inasmuch as "disavowal of the tyrant—*déchance*—is the proper response to tyranny," which ought therefore to have been adopted after the Vatican Council, only it was hardly possible to do so at the time. But "the whole course of the German protest against Vaticanism," as revealed in the Falk laws—which laws to many lookers-on appear quite as tyrannical as the Papal policy which afforded a pretext for them—"points to this as probable in the future, if not already anticipated." It is perhaps just conceivable that Prince Bismarck may contemplate something of the kind, but it will hardly be contended that the future of the Papacy rests with him. The essayist next appeals to the veto on Papal elections hitherto recognized—in usage, we may add, for it is not guaranteed by any written enactment—in the Crowns of France, Austria, and Spain. He omits to notice that this right could only be exercised once in each Conclave, and only against a candidate who had not yet been elected; and he quite mistakenly assumes that it is derived from the somewhat indefinite rights formerly claimed, and occasionally exercised, by the head of the Holy Roman Empire. To base on this wholly inadequate and partly fictitious plea a demand for an absolute veto, and something more than a veto, on future Papal elections, in behalf of the Protestant German Empire as heir by default of the defunct Holy Roman Empire, is nothing short of grotesque. The essayist has more reason for surmising that the Cardinals may not improbably demur to the existing claim of veto on the score of the altered relations of the Catholic Governments to the Church; and the fact, to which he does not advert, of no representative of the Catholic Powers being invited, according to former precedents, to attend the Vatican Council points in that direction. But the right of veto, as hitherto allowed, is hardly important enough to be worth any very severe struggle on either side.

The great object of the paper, however, is not to vindicate the claims of the Catholic States or of Protestant Germany, but of schismatic Italy—as the Vatican regards it—to an absolute veto, or rather, if we rightly understand him, an absolute nomination of "the Bishop of Rome and chief pastor of the Italian Church." Italy, we are told, "represents a native Church jealous of its original rights and claiming to have not a mere share, but a full election of the Bishop of Rome." And then follows a disquisition on the proper course for the Italian Government to pursue in the event of its judging the election of the Conclave to be invalid, and deciding to support the undoubtedly "preferable right" of the Bishop appointed by "the Christian people," that is, the people of Italy. Now certainly, if the question were simply of electing an Italian primate, the Italians might very well be left to settle the matter for themselves, nor would any outsider have much temptation to interfere. But it is precisely because the Pope notoriously is—we need not stay to inquire here whether he ought to be—a good deal more than an Italian primate, that Mr. Innes or anybody else thinks it worth while to discuss "the coming Conclave" at all. If indeed His Holiness should ever be reduced to that position, the discussion would *ipso facto* cease to have any general interest, but meanwhile it is absurd to speak as if the Italian Government or the Italian people had any exclusive or even

preponderating claim to choose the *de facto* ruler of an international and worldwide Church. Nor are we greatly impressed with the fairness and accurate appreciation of the due limits of civil and religious liberty of a writer who designates the Clerical Abuses Bill—we fancy he is wrong in speaking of it as a law already passed—as “a doubtful defensive measure, the necessity of which has been proved by the venomous Allocution since issued.” Even granting for argument’s sake the justice of his account of the Allocution, this is very like saying that the Star Chamber *e.g.* was a doubtful defensive measure, the necessity of which was proved by the venomous abuse it provoked from Prynne and other crop-eared Puritans.

But we have a final criticism of a purely commonsense kind to make on the essayist’s programme for the future ecclesiastical policy of Italy. Does he seriously imagine that it would work? An example nearer home may serve to illustrate our meaning. A serious controversy has been occasioned in this country by recent changes in the ecclesiastical law which have led a considerable number of the clergy and laity of the Established Church, rightly or wrongly, to question the claim of the personage holding office as Dean of Arches to be so entitled or to exercise the jurisdiction belonging to that Court. Their objections have already led to grave practical complications, and are at this moment being pressed, or about to be pressed, on the attention of the highest authorities in Church and State. Now let us suppose that their allegations as to the wholly novel and irregular method of Lord Penzance’s appointment were so absolutely unquestionable as to be in fact unquestioned, and that, instead of a large and influential party demurring to his jurisdiction, the entire body of the episcopate, clergy, and lay communicants of the Church, with a few insignificant exceptions, was unanimous in repudiating his claims and refusing all recognition of his authority. Is it not obvious that the Court, whatever its legal and Parliamentary title, would be reduced to a pure nonentity and would soon cease to exist even in name? Well, that would be just the position of a Pope appointed according to Mr. Taylor Innes’s suggestion, and recognized as such by the Italian Government; with this difference, however, that he would *ex hypothesi* be confronted by a rival elected in the ordinary manner, and whose claims would be all but universally acknowledged by the entire hierarchy, priesthood, and laity of the Roman Catholic Church. That there is the smallest likelihood of the Italian Government placing itself in so ridiculous a position we do not for a moment suppose. The essayist, as was observed before, is simply employed in building a house of cards, but as he evidently labours under the delusion that it is an edifice of solid stone, and may find some readers sufficiently ignorant of the facts of the case to agree with him, it may be as well to disabuse their minds at once of a chimera which can only damage the cause it is apparently intended to promote. The issue of the next Conclave will no doubt be a matter of European interest, but it certainly will not be decided by the short and easy method of superseding the Conclave and putting one or more of the Governments of Europe into its place.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS.

WE have over and over again, in discussing Sir John Lubbock’s Bill year by year, spoken our mind as to the necessity of some provision for the mediæval as well as for the primæval monuments of the history of our island. And in the discussion of the Bill the point was raised more than once both by the friends and by the enemies of the Bill. Some said, Instead of protecting cromlechs and barrows, why not rather protect castles and abbeys? Others said, Why not, when protecting cromlechs and barrows, protect castles and abbeys as well? Either point of view starts from the position that mediæval monuments are at once worth preserving and also need some special care to preserve them. But the buildings which were in the minds of those who thus spoke on either side in the debate were doubtless mainly ruined or forsaken buildings—buildings which are not applied to any practical purpose of modern life. When men speak in this way, the chances are that by castles and abbeys they mean only ruined castles and ruined abbeys. To be sure there are at this moment some people who live in castles and others who live in abbeys; but that is altogether another use of the words. We will not go so far as to suggest that the members on either side who spoke of abbeys belonged to the sect which holds that no building can be an abbey till it is ruined, and that every building becomes an abbey when it is ruined. But we may be sure that it was mainly ruined abbeys that they were thinking of; they had in their mind Fountains and Tintern rather than Westminster and Tewkesbury. It is quite certain that, as a class, our mediæval monuments do stand in need of protection just as much as our primæval monuments. There are a few specially striking and famous monuments of each class which it is hard to believe that any man would press the rights of ownership so far as to destroy. But the smaller and less known objects of each class are in equal danger of actual destruction, while even those of each class which are in no danger of actual destruction are still in danger, both from mere neglect, and sometimes from attempts at preservation which, though well meant, are ill judged. But how stands the case with regard to those buildings which are still in actual use, be they churches, castles, town halls, houses, or any-

thing else? Do not they need protection just as much as the primæval remains and the ruined mediæval buildings? We may again make the same distinction which we made with regard to the two other classes. As far as actual destruction goes, the greater and more famous buildings are safe. There are some churches, castles, buildings of any kind, which no public body, no private owner, would venture to destroy. Public opinion would be too strong for the wanton exercise even of a legal right. But the smaller and less known buildings of this class are really in more danger than any other. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that our smaller domestic antiquities perish daily. If they stand on large properties, the owners perhaps never heard of them, and they perish at the will of some tenant or agent. In other cases, as constantly happens in towns where old houses are common, the owner himself is often some one who destroys without knowing what he is destroying, if indeed he does not see something clever in the act of destruction itself. Or again, sometimes ecclesiastical bodies will be seized with a fancy for destroying the subordinate buildings attached to their churches. Monastic buildings, prebendal houses, will fall one after another, because the dignitary or the dignitary’s wife either never saw them or fancies they would be better out of the way. In short, as far as actual destruction goes, all three classes, primæval monuments, ruined buildings, buildings still in use, are all in much the same case. Some examples of all three classes are safe enough; but a vast number of all three classes remain daily exposed to every kind of risk, from mere ignorance and carelessness, sometimes from actual love of destruction, sometimes, one may suspect, from that feeling which some philosophers say is the groundwork both of man’s benevolent and malevolent actions—the pleasure of showing that he has the power of doing either as he thinks good.

But the buildings which are still in use lie open to another and much more subtle kind of danger, danger at the hands, not of those who despise them, but of those who reverence them—not of those who do not understand them, but of those who do. Great and famous examples of this class are much more dangerously threatened by those who are inclined to take too much care of them than they are by those who are inclined to take too little. That is to say, while they are in no danger of open and avowed destruction, they are in great danger of that subtler form of destruction which masks itself under the guise of restoration. They are in no danger of being pulled down as wholes; but they are in danger of having their genuine details taken away bit by bit, and modern details—exact copies perhaps, but still new work and not old—put in their place. On this subject too we have often spoken our mind. We have often made our protest against the reckless way in which ancient work is made to give way to new in restored buildings, and especially in restored churches. We may be sure that, since the fashion of restoration set in, there has been hardly any restoration on a large scale in which a great deal of ancient work has not been destroyed, which, with a little more care, might perfectly well have been saved. Sometimes this needless destruction is the fault of the architect himself, sometimes the fault of his employers, sometimes the fault of neither architect nor employers, but of builders, workmen, and the like, who have a fancy for making everything spick and span, and who will in some heedless moment destroy what both architect and employers wished to keep. These things go on daily; they are bad enough in England, and they are worse in France. Restoration has brought about so much destruction that it is no wonder that it has become a byword, and that in the minds of all who really care for ancient buildings the presumption has come to be against any so-called restoration; the man who designs to be a restorer must prove that he is not likely to be a destroyer.

Things being as they are in this matter, it is not wonderful if some have gone so far as to condemn all restoration altogether, to argue that, at the utmost, nothing should ever be done to an ancient building beyond such mere repairs and strengthenings as may keep it from falling or hinder the rain from coming in. Mr. Ruskin, many years back, put forth this doctrine with all the vehemence of his rhetoric; indeed we are not clear that he would have allowed such mere substantial repairs as we have just excepted. In Mr. Ruskin’s view it was better to pull down an ancient building than to restore it. Whatever the pulling down was, it was not a lie, while the restoration was a lie. The same line is taken, with less of rhetoric but with more of argument, in a paper now before us which contains the prospectus of a “Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.” The Society as yet boasts of no President; but it has a Committee and a Secretary, the Secretary being Mr. William Morris, while on the Committee are the names of Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and Mr. C. J. Faulkner. The paper is well worth reading; it is a calm, clear, and logical statement of one side of a case; but to our mind it leaves out the other side. It is unlike some pleadings which break down of themselves before the answer comes, for it is thoroughly good till we get the answer; but we certainly think that there is an answer.

The argument, if we rightly understand it, runs thus:—Architecture as an art died out just as the study of architecture as a branch of history began. Therefore in our age, while we know historically about all earlier styles better than any age did before, while we respect and admire the buildings of all earlier times more than they ever were respected and admired before, we have, unlike all earlier times, for practical purposes no architectural style of our own. In other ages men knew more of the art and less of the history. Architecture was to them the practice of a living art, not

the study of a past history. Their own style was to them a living thing; it was the only style which they knew how to work. They therefore freely destroyed, altered, added to, the buildings of former times, and they did it always in the style of their own age without regard to the style of the earlier work. They destroyed and rebuilt, but they destroyed and rebuilt openly and honestly. The new work announced itself as new, and did not pretend to be the old or an imitation of the old. Each building in its successive changes has a history, and the history of many buildings is the history of the art itself in its successive styles. Even the latest and worst changes thus had their historical value. In a modern restoration, on the other hand, having no style of our own, we cannot in the same way add and alter in our own style. What we profess to do is to bring the building back to the state in which it was at some particular point which, either in the general history of the art or in the history of the particular building, is held to have been its highest point. We thus wipe out the history of the building by destroying everything later than the chosen point, and putting in its stead something which is a modern imitation of the style of the chosen point. Furthermore, we often actually destroy work of the chosen period itself, if it is at all decayed, and put modern work in imitation of it in its stead. This is artistically a forgery. It is further unreal, because the real life of the ancient building sprang largely from much in the religion, thought, and manners of past times, which has passed away hopelessly and for ever; it is therefore unreal to restore what directly sprang from those lost feelings, and what, without them, has no life or meaning. We must then never restore; we may only repair. We may prop a falling wall; we may mend a roof so as to keep it weather-tight; but we must do all this as mere physical repair, without any attempt at art, above all, without any attempt of imitating the art of any past time. We must, in the words of the paper itself, determine "to resist all tampering with either the fabric or ornament of the building as it stands; if it has become inconvenient for its present use, to raise another building rather than alter or enlarge the old one; in fine, to treat our ancient buildings as monuments of a bygone art, created by bygone manners, that modern art cannot meddle with without destroying."

This, we think, is a fair statement of the argument of the proposed Society. As we said, the argument is perfect from its own side. If buildings were simply historical monuments of art, if they were simply, like paintings, statues, monuments of art of any other kind, valuable for their beauty and their history, but serving no practical purpose, the argument would be unanswerable. It is what we have often thought and often said with regard to those buildings which are simply pieces of art, pieces of history valuable only for their beauty, their antiquity, the light which they throw on the history of art and on history generally. The argument applies in all its fullness to buildings which are purely monumental, to buildings which serve no practical purpose—that is, in other words, to buildings which, whether strictly ruined or not, are disused and forsaken, and which it is not desirable to take into use again. It applies to ruined castles and to ruined abbeys. Those ought to be dealt with simply as monuments; they should be carefully preserved from further decay, propped it may be when propping is needful, but never restored. They belong wholly to the past; the present has nothing to do with them except to keep them up as monuments of the past; no modern work should be allowed to intrude upon them except such as may be physically needed to keep the ancient work from further decay. Such modern work should proclaim itself as modern work put there for a purely physical end, and should not in any way attempt to reproduce an imitation of the ancient work.

But, as it seems to us, in the case of those buildings which actually are and immemorially have been applied to practical modern uses, other considerations come in, which are wholly forgotten in the appeal of which we have just attempted a summary. The consequence of the argument which we have just gone through would be that, when any ancient building, church, hall, or any other, needed repairs somewhat more extensive than mere propping or roof-mending, it must be forsaken. The paper talks very calmly of "raising another building rather than altering or enlarging the old one," whenever the building has become inconvenient for its present use. By the same argument we must do the same wherever any part of a building needs, as is often the case, to be rebuilt. When the mid tower of Chichester Cathedral fell, according to this argument it ought not to have been rebuilt. If the same accident had happened in any age which had a style of its own, then it would have been lawful to rebuild the tower in that style. As we have no style, and must not imitate any earlier style, we must not rebuild the fallen tower. That is to say, the minister of Chichester ought either to have been forsaken altogether, or possibly to have been turned into two distinct churches east and west of the ruined tower, leaving the ruined tower untouched in the middle. This would seem to be a logical consequence from the arguments before us. Or, if there be any alternative, it would be to build a tower so ugly, and so utterly without any architectural style at all, that it should at once proclaim itself to be a mere nineteenth-century repair. We cannot think that the promoters of the proposed Society would go this length; and yet one or other of these courses would naturally follow from their principles. If the like accident had happened to a ruined and forsaken church, we should of course say, Do not rebuild the fallen tower. But the paper says, "When a building has become inconvenient for its present use, forsake it, and build another." Chichester Cathedral

did, by the fall of the tower, become very inconvenient for its present use. Yet we cannot believe that any one would seriously argue, either that the church ought to have been forsaken altogether, or that the tower should have been designedly rebuilt in some hideous fashion, to the spoiling of the general effect of the building, simply lest some one should mistake the new tower for an old one.

The truth is that buildings which are actually in use—churches, houses, halls, or any other—while they are monuments, are something besides monuments. Or rather they are monuments in two ways, one of which is forgotten in the present appeal. Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall are monuments of ancient art; but they are also monuments in another sense; they are parts of the continuous history and life of the English nation. According to the argument before us, if Westminster Abbey should need some work greater than mere physical repair, it ought to be forsaken; it should be left cumbering the ground and doing nothing, while a new place should be built for the crowning of our kings. Surely this would be a far greater sin against all historical feeling than to rebuild some part of the building where rebuilding was really necessary. A window is blown in, a pillar will no longer stand the weight upon it. Is the abbey to be forsaken, and something new built instead, rather than make a new window or a new pillar? Or if we are allowed to make a new window or a new pillar, are we bound to make something incongruous of set purpose, lest anybody should mistake it for ancient work? Surely no one will defend either of these courses. When a building is still in use, its continuous use is part of its history; in truth, it is the very first and greatest part of its history. The continuous use of the building is more monumental, more historical, than anything else. Whatever, therefore, is necessary for that continuous use must be fearlessly done. We must keep the building whole and sound by necessary repairs; and surely it is not too much to add that, when those necessary repairs imply the reconstruction of some artistic feature, we should not wantonly disfigure the building by making the new column, window, or doorway ostentatiously ugly, ostentatiously out of harmony with the rest. In short, while a forsaken building belongs wholly to the past, in a building which is still in use the past and the present both have a share and neither must be sacrificed to the other. Or we might put it that the past has a twofold claim, one side of which is forgotten if we are to forsake an ancient building rather than to restore the smallest portion of it.

We say then that the principle of restoration is, within its fitting range, perfectly sound, only, like a great many other things, it needs to be very carefully watched. As a matter of fact, a great deal of destruction has been done under the guise of restoration. To check further destruction of the kind is a good object, and if a Society can do anything to further that object, we shall wish all good luck to such a Society. But it must not go too far. Let it watch all restorations, let it check all needless and destructive restorations; but when we are told that it is better to forsake an ancient building, and we suppose let it fall to ruin, rather than do any restoration at all, then we must draw back; such a rule wounds our historical sentiment even more than the destruction itself.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

PERHAPS one of the most conspicuous features of American society at the present day is the avidity with which any kind of personal scandal or gossip is sought after and gloated over. In some degree this passion may be inherent in the national temperament, which is prone to sensational excitement and the indulgence of an insatiable appetite for wonders; and it has also been most industriously and unscrupulously cultivated by the American press, which finds it a profitable source of income. The fierce light which is said to beat upon the throne in a monarchical country like our own is only a mild illumination in comparison with that which in the Transatlantic Republic sheds a glare over the most private and sacred recesses of human life. Public men seem to be valued over there not for their talents or usefulness, but merely in proportion to their faculty of providing popular sport; and even the most obscure and insignificant creatures have a chance of distinction if they can only at a dull moment tickle the vulgar curiosity of the multitude. A lenient feeling is shown towards such notoriety as Fisk, Tweed, Beecher, Tilton, and the like, simply in gratitude for the morbid interest which they excite; their conduct and reputations are regarded without reference to the rules of practical morality in real life, just as if they were merely characters in a novel or actors on the stage; and the more intense the thrill which is given by any particularly bold display of criminal callousness or shameless impudence, the more they are appreciated. Any one who studies the American newspapers will see how this way of looking at things pervades the community. It is sometimes said that the press of that country is not to be taken as a fair representation of the inhabitants generally, and it may be true that it has not much actual political influence; but it is evident that such papers could not obtain the large circulation which they enjoy if they did not appeal to the popular taste, and what that taste is it may be worth while to show.

One of the chief attractions of American journals is the column headed "Personal Intelligence," which contains such paragraphs as the following, taken from the *New York Herald*:—

"Logan walks slowly." "Nasby does not always trim his beard."

"Evarts swears at a shirt-button in hexameters." "A son of the late Hon. Henry T. Blow, of St. Louis, has gone looney on Alice Oates, the actress, and follows her around offering her costly presents." "Senator Cameron talks with his under jaw, as if he were trying butter." "Colonel Corbin, the new military Secretary at the White House, is a contrast to his predecessor. He is tall, like a grenadier, with a mustache." "Cronin is hard at work in Oregon, but the size of the nose hangs round him still." "The Princess of Wales recently wore calico, which was very nice of the Princess." "General McClellan got out of a cab at Twenty-third Street, a week ago, meaning to walk down Broadway. He has not started yet, because there are two sides to the street." "Becher lectures on 'Hard Times' and charges a dollar and a half." "Sunset Cox folds up his wings like a giraffe and lectures in Georgia." "Kilpatrick is little and thin." "Evarts has not a small nose." "Ben Butler is no longer beautiful." "Senator Sharon is at his 7,000,000 dollars hotel in San Francisco."

There is a daily supply of personalities of this kind, and the most private particulars about all sorts of people are hawked about. The detailed accounts of Vanderbilt's death-bed and of the cremation of Baron von Palm will be remembered. All the nasty parts of the Beecher story were also made an article of trade; and the New York papers are just now full of personal details as to the mysterious disappearance of ex-Mayor Oakey Hall. He was last seen by his family on the morning of Friday, 16th March; quitted his office about seven o'clock in the evening; was traced to Boston, and has since kept out of sight, though it is supposed that he has arrived in this country. All sorts of theories have been started to account for this strange incident—that he has gone off in a fit of mental aberration; that he has been murdered; that he ran away with a pretty actress; that he is hiding from his creditors; that he has fled from justice as one of the confederates of the Erie Ring; that he is afraid of being mixed up with Tweed. All his friends come forward with stories of his character and antecedents, some not particularly favourable; and it is noticed as a suggestive circumstance that the name of a lady, which is given in full, has just been published as a client of Mr. Hall, seeking a divorce. "Who this lady is," it is added, "is a profound secret. Neither her name nor her husband's appears in either the Brooklyn or New York Directories." Poor Mrs. Hall is subjected to daily interrogatories from a stream of reporters and other intrusive visitors as to whether she has heard where Mr. Hall is, or can give any idea of the cause of his departure. "The Hall mystery," we are told, "is a mystery still, and the theories to account for the unexplained and prolonged absence of the missing ex-mayor still grow in number and variety," though "the vast majority of intelligent people who were heard discussing the event yesterday in the courts, at hotels and theatres, still cling to the opinion that Mr. Hall had absented himself for some reason or other, and would turn up before many days were over." One man said that Hall was too wide awake to allow himself to be murdered, and another remarked that he was at least too sharp to commit suicide; so they agreed that he must have bolted to Europe. The present mayor expressed the opinion that, if it had been any man besides Oakey Hall, he should have supposed that he had had foul play; but he was such a practical joker that he would be sure to turn up again. An actor, very intimate with Hall, said he was fond of travel and change, and he might have gone to Europe, and, through a whim, failed to acquaint his family with his departure. A legal friend suggested that he had gone on a journey on behalf of some client. After a few days a report gained credence that the ex-mayor had engaged a passage at Boston in the *Victoria*, a freight ship, for Liverpool; and a telegram dated from Liverpool on March 31 announced that a person with about a fortnight's growth of moustache and side-whiskers, and dressed in dark clothes, and spectacles—Hall usually wore eye-glasses—who went under the name of "Sutcliffe," but had been identified as Hall, had arrived in the above-named vessel. This person, however, indignantly denied that he was Hall; and was tracked to Euston Terminus, and thence to Notting Hill station, where he took a hansom cab and drove to "a small, quiet, private house near by," where "he was evidently expected, as the door opened without ring or knock, and he passed in immediately with his luggage." It may easily be understood how doubtful such information was; and, besides, it was only a conjecture that this was "Sutcliffe" or that "Sutcliffe" was Hall. It will be observed that ex-Mayor Hall, having ceased to be a public officer, is merely a private person who has a perfect right to go where he likes without taking everybody into his confidence. Yet we find all sorts of discreditable stories published in the papers to account for his disappearance. One journal goes so far as to say that it is plain what was his object in getting beyond the reach of the police, and to charge the absent man with having repeatedly affixed his signature to blank warrants, which were filled up afterwards by members of the Ring, his share of the plunder being handed over to him in the form of fees paid to a law firm doing a large business. An odd consequence of Mr. Hall's sudden departure has been, if we may believe the local papers, that "on the heels of the Hall mystery have followed a series of mysterious disappearances until there are more people reported missing now than were probably ever before in the history of New York." This is no doubt a fanciful epidemic invented to keep up the excitement of the Hall question. The Associated Press reporter who had identified Sutcliffe as Hall at Liverpool, and discovered that he had changed his name to "Garbett," saw him with a young lady in Hyde Park. On April 4th, he left a note for Mr. Hall requesting an interview, in an envelope addressed "Mr. Garbett," to which a reply was returned in a woman's handwriting, to the effect that the gentleman whose name was on the envelope "had no concern with the enclosure, and therefore respectfully returned it, that an

evident mistake may be rectified." The woman is thus described:—"She is about thirty-eight, five feet five inches in height; of good figure; has dark brown hair, clear complexion, large eyes, large mouth, and a wart behind the left ear." The London Correspondent of the *New York World* professes to have been more successful in his efforts to see Hall, and telegraphs from London that he had obtained a protracted interview with A. Oakey Hall, who, "under the name of Garbett, now occupies lodgings in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill Gate, a cheap locality, made up of small houses only"; but that Hall "absolutely refused to make any explanations whatever as to his motives in leaving New York, and seemed altogether at sea as to his future plans." The Correspondent adds that "he is evidently much broken in mind and body, and desires only rest and peace." He also suggests that "it is now only charity to say as little more about him as possible," as to which the Correspondent himself, though he seems to overlook it, might very well have set an example.

Another example of the system of "personal intelligence" by which the American public arrives at conclusions quite independently of legal evidence and judicial supervision is given in the case of Tweed. It will be remembered that Tweed escaped from gaol in last December, and was afterwards caught in Spain, and once more lodged in Ludlow Street prison. A recent number of *Harper's Weekly* contained a narrative of Tweed's flight and capture, purporting to be based on a diary and other documents supplied by the prisoner. In this statement, which was immediately copied into all the newspapers, it is represented that at the end of last year Tweed had got tired of battling for years in the courts of law, and had also sacrificed a large part of his means. He had then the prospect of a six-million suit against him, and saw himself drifting to irretrievable ruin; but, as a last hope, he thought that, if he only got out of prison, he might save some fragments of his property. One of his messmates in the prison was Lawrence, the silk smuggler, whose case led to the abrogation of the Extradition Treaty with England; and another was Bliss, a notorious swindler and burglar; and, with the help of these congenial friends, a contract was made for Tweed's evasion. He was, being a privileged prisoner, to find occasion to visit his house in town, of course under the charge of warders; and was then to slip out, and be taken in charge by a well-organized body of men distributed throughout the country. This plan was carried out; the warders were treated to a luxurious feast, and Tweed went out of the room on pretence of washing his hands; but instead he passed into the street, where a waggon was waiting for him, and he was driven to the North River. There he crossed to New Jersey, and was conveyed into the country beyond the river and the Palisades, where he put up at a secluded homestead, and remained till about the first week in March, assuming the name of "John Secor," and having his whiskers shaved off and his hair clipped short, while a wig and pair of gold spectacles completed the disguise. He afterwards made his way to Cuba, and got a steamer to Vigo, where he was arrested and put in prison by the Spanish authorities. The account goes on to show that since his return to incarceration in New York he has lived in perfect seclusion and absolute silence; but he wrote a letter to Charles O'Connor, one of the parties to the pending suit against him, proposing an absolute surrender on his part; that is to say, to give up to justice all he has, and tell all he knows; and throw himself on the clemency and generosity of the authorities. In making this offer, he pleads that he is "an old man, greatly broken in health, cast down in spirit," and unable any longer to bear his burden. At first Tweed's melancholy story created a feeling of sympathy and compassion, and it was reported that he would soon be released. According to the latest news, however, the story is in the main pure fiction, and the law is to take its course. What will strike people out of the States as the most astounding feature of the affair is that the publication of an unauthenticated letter, and a discussion about it in the newspapers, should be allowed to cut the knot of a regular judicial investigation. There are unfortunately some symptoms of a similar taste for personal scandal springing up in this country; but the disgraceful point to which it is carried by American journalists may perhaps be a warning.

JAMAICA PLANTERS.

FEW things can be more depressing than the aspect of a country that has "seen better days"; and perhaps there may be an added touch of melancholy when it shows some fitful signs of recovering itself. In the case of the man who is going fast downhill, in shabby clothes and with a shamefaced demeanour, you have the sense that accelerated decay will soon bring him the relief he must long for. But a country, though overshadowed by a gloomy destiny, may prolong a painful agony indefinitely; and the greater its natural chances and advantages, the more sensibly do we feel for it. We have no idea of entering into those vexed economic questions which have been lately in course of discussion in the *Times* under the heading of "Jamaica Planters." But every controversy of the kind, whether it throw more or less of light or shadow on its subject, can hardly fail to suggest some sad reflections as to the change that has been brought about in half a century in one of the most enchanting spots on the globe. Most of the regions lying anywhere in those seas and latitudes have had hard luck since they made the acquaintance of Europeans. The wave of Spanish and Portuguese

invasion passed over the mainland of the neighbouring continent, submerging such arts and civilization as had been possessed by the native races. Brazil has lifted her head again under European rule, thanks partly to the establishment of a European dynasty. But as for Mexico, and those South American Republics which owed their independence to the intrigues of degenerate Spaniards taking advantage of the embarrassments of a feeble home Government, we know what has been the fate of the New World that Canning boasted of having called into existence. A mongrel race, enfeebled by a relaxing climate, has become the prey of adventurers and the sport of revolutions. Great natural riches have been running to waste, or have been selfishly traded upon by interested adventurers. Credit has been anticipated or exhausted, with such happy exceptions as that of Chili; public works, indifferently constructed, have fallen into disrepair before they had a chance of paying; the old pestilential swamp is soaking through embankments and swallowing systems of drainage; the jungle is rapidly gaining on the ground that had once been reclaimed from it; the wharfs are crumbling away, and the harbours are silting up which were once the seats of flourishing commerce. As for the Pearl of the Antilles, with those seemingly inexhaustible resources which used to go so far towards rectifying Spanish Budgets, it is the scene of a struggle which, should it come to an end, can only leave the island in utter exhaustion. But, to an Englishman at least, the decline of Jamaica comes home far more nearly. We have no intention of moralizing at this time of day for or against the institution of slavery; although we must recall the fact that it was forced upon our West Indian colonists by their local laws, and that no man could acquire a sugar estate without acquiring at the same time the slaves who worked it. We pretend to do no more than take a glance at the island as it was fifty years ago, as contrasted with what it has sunk to at present.

And we do not think we can do much better than take "Tom Cringle" for our text. "Tom Cringle" (Mr. Scott) was a West Indian of course, and he wrote feelingly when he touched on the politics of a subject in which he was vitally interested. He may have painted the planters in rose colour and made the best of their treatment of their slaves. But his imagination, had it prosituted itself to self-interest, could never have made so vivid a picture, and in every chapter of his we are irresistibly impressed by the pervading sense of thorough fidelity. As for the scenery he so admirably describes, about that there can be no question whatever. If ever the lot of man was cast in an earthly Eden, it was in the instance of those well-to-do planters of the "land of streams." It is true that there were snakes to be found in it, both literally and metaphorically. Residence in towns like Kingston was by no means entirely agreeable. In spite of the refreshing breath of the evening sea breeze, a taint of the miasma from the bush and the lagoons hung over such shadeless cities. For there was little shelter in the blazing streets, and you had to go through your mercantile drudgery in the airiest of costumes, occasionally gasping for breath behind your closed blinds. But that was only the misfortune of the exotic aristocracy of the community. What was temporary suffering to the white man was but the breath of life to the blacks. The negro revelled in his glowing atmosphere; and, as with the lazzaroni of Naples, the heat only added to his enjoyment of existence, although it may have heightened his aversion to labour and his natural predisposition to indolence. And, if the white merchants had to put up with some discomforts, they had the consolations that come of a successful career and an assured future. They had only to put the energy of their nation into their duties, and money came pouring in by handfuls. The roadsteads and the harbours that seem so deserted now were filled with the English shipping they had chartered; the vessels from the Severn, the Mersey, and the Clyde lay anchored in clusters in the offing, or moored in tiers off the wharfs. There was a constant coming and going to the blocks of great warehouses; and strings of drays and teams of mules from the districts in the interior were perpetually discharging their loads at the vast sheds on the quays. Those West Indian merchants led lives that were all the more jovial for their efforts; for, as was remarked by the immortal Jacob Twig of the "Dream," the West Indians held their lives by so precarious a tenure that they had learned to set little store by their purses. They went to their daily work betimes, and had earned the luncheon at which they kept open table for all and sundry. In the afternoon, when they had shut up their ledgers and locked their safes, they drove out to their "pens," or houses in the country, where they dined with doors opening on the verandah, commanding splendid prospects of the sea, and slept in rooms that were ventilated by the breezes. As for their subordinates, who had narrower means for the moment, they were tolerably well paid notwithstanding, and had the world of Jamaica before them, with a moral certainty of making their living in it. The one condition of their rise was steadiness. For when men held a plurality of properties, or were in the occasional habit of absenting themselves for a long holiday in the old country, trustworthy overseers were in constant request.

The life of the planters was even more enviable. The picturesque of scenery that facilitated their ruin by offering the emancipated slaves every opportunity to squat gave existence an indescribable charm. Jamaica, with its well-watered mountain ranges, its park-like stretches of timbered guinea-grass, its cliffs and cataracts, its luxuriant woods and natural orchards, where delicious fruits hung in tempting profusion amid grand masses of foliage, presented an infinite variety of eminently eligible building sites. If you preferred

the beautiful to the more practically profitable, you could leave to the charge of the manager the rich flats and the bottoms where the cane-brakes and coffee plantations surrounded the boiling-houses and negro villages, and settle yourself on some romantic grazing property sequestered among the breezy heights. There you might admire to your heart's content the changing atmospheric effects and the play of tropical lights on the grandest scenery decked in the richest colours. Before the shadows of the night came down, you saw everything through a transparency of preternatural clearness, as it kindled in the glow of the gorgeous sunset. Very probably you woke up in a dripping mist, that brought life and freshness to the drooping vegetation; and you might watch the veil lift and drift away under the influence of the sunbeams, while it left the landscape sparkling in showers of dew-drops. Of course you had to run the chances of disease, for it must be admitted that the inexorable figures of the Insurance Offices indicate the insalubrity of West Indian residence. Now and then, and independently of the normal risks of ordinary fever, the "Yellow Jack" made its visitation to take tithe of the community. Everybody had not the luck of Lieutenant Cringle, who gives so telling a description of his seizure and prostration by the *vomito prieto*, although he adds that it was almost worth while to have been struck down that you might taste the ineffable pleasures of convalescence. But familiarity with these formidable scourges bred disregard, if not contempt, among our colonists; and it must be confessed that the guiding maxim of their lives was *dum vivimus vivamus*. Jamaica was the chosen home of hospitality, and they spent their fortunes with princely lavishness. Every respectable stranger was made heartily welcome, and the faintest form of decent introduction passed one freely all over the island. These sumptuous traditions linger still; so that, although the means of the planters have been so terribly crippled, to this day the "taverns" of Jamaica are among the most comfortable inns in the English settlements. The mystery to men bred in the temperate zone is how they managed to sustain their excellent appetites and keep their livers in tolerable order. Probably beneficent nature assisted them by promoting a free flow of transpiration. But it is certain that, before or since, there has seldom been such luxurious housekeeping. The mouth waters as one recalls such banquets as were marked with a white stone in the memory of Mr. Pepperpot Wagtail. There were tropical delicacies of every kind; turtle and terrapin, landcrabs and ringtail pigeons; gorpers from the sea, and mullet from the mountain streams, stuffed with savoury vegetables or swimming in claret sauce. As for the varieties of their desserts, the whole of the island garden was before them, and we can imagine what a *diner à la Russe* might have been spread with the produce of its magnificent natural orchards. And as for the wines they had to import, they were the best customers of the wine merchants before the days of cheap vintages. It was well worth making the West Indian voyage only to taste the marvellous Madeira that had repeatedly made the round of the Cape before being deliberately mellowed in the cellars of that sultry climate. As a proof of the tender devotion which its fragrance inspired in its grateful votaries, we revert to our boyish recollections of the English seat of a West Indian millionaire, who had anticipated, by a timely sale of his estates, the emancipation of the negroes and the abolition of the sugar duties. His beautiful grounds were studded with empty Madeira pipes, which he had set up in the form of summer-houses for the sake of fond associations.

Nor had the lives of the planters, although it has been the fashion to throw stones at them, only their selfish and self-indulgent side. Many of those Englishmen had carried with them to the tropics the kindly feelings of the English squire; and generally the sense of possession and absolute ownership gave somewhat of a paternal character to their dealings with their woolly-headed dependents. Had there been no better motive, the consciousness of easy prosperity inclined them to be liberal to the people about them. They may have been autocratic and arbitrary, and too frequently licentious; but, generally speaking, it was their pleasure to live among comfortable scenes of material prosperity. The slaves were well fed and well clothed, according to the conditions of the climate. Their wives and daughters were usually on the broad grin, and the sleek and shining picaninies rolled about in picturesque nudity, enjoying the spring-time of their lives in the exuberance of their animal spirits. The people had almost invariably their own provision patches, with a day in the week to cultivate them; the pigs that fattened on the profusion of surplus vegetables made themselves as thoroughly at home in the huts as they do in the Irish cabins; and if he thought his freedom worth the purchasing, an industrious slave could usually buy it. We are far from asserting that there were no abuses; we set out by saying that there were snakes in the paradise. But, with the prevailing tone of opinion in a community of free-hearted English gentlemen, cruel or tyrannical treatment was the exception, and a monster like a Legree was an almost inconceivable phenomenon.

There is unhappily no need to expatiate on what Jamaica has become in our own time. The present conditions of existence with the struggling white settlers are pretty much the reverse of the opulence we have described; just as the bush has been spreading over abandoned cane-fields, and as the shipping in the ports is the spectre of what it once was. But what remains unchanged is the spirit of hospitality, as Kingsley has described it in his *At Last* and Mr. Trollope in his *West Indies*. And it shows itself the more genuine that it has to contend with difficulties and involves self-sacrifice, as one of the planters who had made him heartily welcome

plaintively remarked to Mr. Trollope in a moment of confidence. Bills overdue, hampering mortgages, fierce competition against long odds; anxieties about the labour supply, and troubles with the field hands when the ripening crop is threatening to rot; costly improvements in modern machinery—all these things must weigh like nightmares on the troubled slumbers of the present generation of planters. It is possible that they may have happier times in store; but there can be no question that the golden age is over for them, nor is there any likelihood of its ever returning.

OPERA LIBRETTI.

IN the history of musical literature there is no more deplorable chapter than the story of the opera libretto, or "book of the words." At a first glance what would seem a more harmonious fellowship than that of poet and musician? "Music and Poetry," wrote Purcell, in the dedication of his opera of *Diocletian* to the Duke of Somerset, "have ever been acknowledged sisters, which, walking hand in hand, support each other . . . Both of them may excel apart, but sure they are most excellent when they are joyn'd." The poet's share, however, in this union of the arts appears to have been but a shabby one. Instead of union, disunion, small squabbling, and jealousy, or at best a most unequal, ill-assorted companionship, mark the occasions on which the musician and the poet have sought to strive together in the service of the dramatic muse. Your great poet, indeed, has preferred to chant his strains alone, and looked askance upon an art which might but twist the delicate web of his verse into new forms, and throw the careful design out of all significance. So it has come about that poetasters, dwellers on the lowest slopes of Parnassus, nay, mere groundlings of the level mead, have run to the rescue, and sought immortality by uniting their weak babble to the musician's heaven-drawn harmonies.

This disappointing failure, where success would have seemed a reasonable expectation, may be traced to many causes; the artificial nature of the *genre* opera itself, the singular lack of mutual understanding between dramatist and musician, each misapprehending the possibilities and limits of the other's art, and the dependence of both upon those most capricious of all instruments—singers and actors. It must be confessed that in the first stages of the musical drama the poet had little chance. The origin of the so-called opera was the dramatic cantata of the Italian Courts, a performance invented at the close of the sixteenth century for the amusement of a *dilettante* luxurious society, and consisting of airs to be sung by favourite singers, connected by spoken dialogue or recitative and enlivened by ballet. The poet's thankless task in this heterogeneous composition was to take the *dramatis persone* already fixed for him by the pseudo-classic taste of the day, and supply them with some sort of framework on which the required number of airs and the due amount of dancing could be brought into an intelligible whole. For a real dramatic organism there was here evidently no chance; stereotyped musical forms became fetters for musician and poet alike, and, at the outset of an art which professed to be founded on the Greek stage, the essential dramatic element was left out. Dr. Chrysander has well shown how in Italy, the birthplace of opera, the groove in which the natural dramatic tendencies of the people had run proved both a facility for the creation and a bar to the development of the musical drama. The Italian Theatre, he says, had possessed for centuries a number of ready-made personages beloved by the nation and well understood. The classic gods and heroes retained, truly, but little of their historical identity, but they became gradually moulded into typical characters which signified something real to the people. The Italian drama was like a chest in which the puppets lay packed side by side, and according to the need of the hour the right puppet would be pulled out and dubbed pastoral, mythological, tragic, or comic, touched up with local colour and supplied with speech by the showman. This stereotyped dramatic material gave to the Italian stage its fatal incapacity for improvement from without, and also its individual strength. For the first attempt at opera no especial musical form was ready, but the dramatic form and the established stage were ready; consequently in the first century of opera-making there is no development. On the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, 1579, more than a hundred operas were composed. Under these circumstances the librettist, otherwise the poet, was a nonentity. Handel's opera of *Agrippina* is entered in the catalogue of the Venetian musical dramas, Anno 1710, *Agrippina*, 441, *Teatro S. Gio Grisostamo*, 56, *Poesia d'incerto, musica di Giorgio Fed. Hendel*. The wonder is that Handel and his contemporaries of note could be satisfied to compose at all on the wretched literary framework offered to them; but it may be remembered that the classical stories in vogue had a true dramatic core, however husked over and hidden; also that Italian versifiers had ever a rare trick of scribbling words pleasantly adapted for the delivery of musical phrases, and sufficiently true to a prescribed sentiment to allow the composer free scope. As a matter of fact, however, the dramatic power of Handel first found full play when he betook himself to the Bible, where, as Bach before him and Mendelssohn after him, he discovered the forcible imagery, the rich expression, the tragic feeling which the secular poetasters of the day failed to supply. Yet even in the bypaths of sacred history the compilers of Handel's text contrived to lead him a fool's dance, as in the ludicrous philandering of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, or the pompous patronage of Ahasuerus.

England, accounted the most unmusical of countries, might per-

haps have achieved the production of a national musical drama if Henry Purcell had fallen on better days. But though that undoubted genius drew his text from Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, understood the true gist of dramatic composition, and wrote with astonishing freshness and vigour, yet the frivolous influence of the Court, given over to French ballet, the want of vocal method among English singers, and his own mistaken impulse towards the Italian stage, were fatal to the development of the new form of art. The spirit with which Dryden defends his text-book to Purcell's *King Arthur* amusingly exemplifies the low level at which writing for the musical stage was set:—

The numbers of poetry and vocal music [he writes] are sometimes so contrary that in many places I have been obliged to cram my verses and make them rugged to the reader that they may be harmonious to the hearer, of which I have no reason to repent me, because these sorts of entertainments are so principally designed for the ear and eye, and therefore in reason my art on this occasion ought to be subservient to his; and besides, I flatter myself with an imagination that a judicious audience will easily distinguish betwixt the songs wherein I have complied with him and those in which I have followed the rules of poetry in the sound and cadence of the words.

The spectacle of Dryden consoling himself for his damaged metres by trusting to the discrimination of a London audience to throw the blame on the musician raises a smile at his expense. Purcell died in his seven-and-thirtieth year, and the chances of national opera vanished with him in the dust-cloud raised before the advancing troops of foreign singers.

The London theatres witnessed strange scenes when the Italians had assumed possession of the musical stage. The male soprano and their companions who took the ear of the town could only lisp in their native tongue, while the English were equally incapable of mastering a foreign language on short notice; so every one sang "wie ihm der Schnabel gewachsen war," and the text-writer had to string together into a whole the favourite arias, duets, &c., of the foreigners, with additions for the English *personnel* in a jargon worthy of Babel. Little wonder that the tasteless hotchpotch roused the ire of Addison, who had not sufficient musical knowledge to distinguish between the compilations of ignorant scribblers and conceited singers, and the consistent, if narrow, Italian art which they travestied. Addison in a fit of patriotism wrote the text of a musical drama himself—*Rosamunda* by name—but again fate forbade a wholesome union between sense and sound, for the composer selected by Addison was a vulgar nonentity, one Tom Clayton, whose bad music killed the drama off the boards in three nights. After a while the numbers of Italian singers increased to such an extent that one entire "opera"—a name imported with the foreigners—could be given in Italian. The first work thus rendered was *Hydaspes* by Mancini, which was brought over by the great actor and singer Nicolini, and produced on the stage in 1710. When Handel arrived in England with his armful of Italian operas in the grand style, the stage was ready for him.

The honour paid to Gluck as a regenerator of the musical stage from a dramatic point has of late reached its highest pitch. He threw off the tyranny of singers, made them merely "spokesmen of his dramatic and musical intentions," and brought music into direct connexion with the poetic sentiment of the words. Herein he found an able and sympathetic coadjutor in Calzabigi, whose libretti are exceptional for real dramatic vigour. It has been said that the successors of Gluck, Cherubini, and his co-disciples "allowed the poet to develop in the exact ratio of their own increase of musical freedom and strength." It is, in fact, notable that the conventional musical forms into which the musical drama had settled down as Italian opera became hindrances to development in a dramatic direction for both musician and poet. Even the genius of Mozart is unable to blind us wholly to the artificiality of the stage stereotyped arrangements, while we have additional cause for lamenting in his case that his splendid dramatic and poetic faculties found no theme more pathetic than the stupidity of *La Clemenza di Tito*, or more noble than the frivolities of *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro*. When Goethe dreamed of a union between music and poetry on a dramatic basis, he gave the idea up in despair over the conventionalities of musical form in the existing operatic stage. Probably the lesser swans of Germany were of his mind, for Weber—whom, by the way, Goethe snubbed shamefully—could find no better help, after the irritable genius quarrelled with him for a share in the popular applause, than crazy old Holmine von Chezy. "These German authors," grumbled Beethoven to Weber, "have no notion how to make an opera book." His own *Fidelio* had passed from its original French into Italian, and out of Italian into German.

The position of Weber as a dramatic composer, and his relations with his "book-makers," give us a clue to the whole unsatisfactory state of the matter before us. Here is a musician essentially dramatic in his bias of thought, able to grasp all the necessities of a sympathetic understanding between audience and stage, alive to the force of emotional effect, open to the power of a consistent spectacle; yet this very man knows so little of dramatic poetry that he scarcely can tell good writing from bad, is incapable of digesting fragmentary material into a consistent whole, cannot estimate the monstrous absurdities of dramatic construction in which the unlucky Von Chezy involves him. Herein lies the rub. It is not only the poet's fault that the operatic stage has proved but a *pons asinorum* between music and the sister art. If the musician calls vainly for a good dramatic "text-book," he must at least know better what he requires before he can expect to get it. The lack of some right standard by which the proper field for musical drama may be

determined must find a remedy in a wider culture of the musician himself which shall enable him to meet the dramatist on his own ground. That notable personage, Herr Wagner, has probably done the cause of musical drama good service in emphatically pointing out this necessity. Herr Wagner's personal recipe—"Every composer his own poet"—can only apply in very exceptional cases. This assumption, moreover, may lead to such astounding struggles with the muse as the libretto of the *Nibelungen Lied*, wherein we behold grotesque Scandinavian myth treated after heroic Greek fashion, and the personages of the child's fairy lore alternating between the naive conduct of the nursery and the high passion of the *dramatis personæ* of Æschylus or Sophocles. But, let the eccentricities of the German apostle of a "regenerated and national musical drama" be what they may, he has at any rate demonstrated practically the immense value of an absolute union between the poetic impulse, the musical expression, and the visible appeal of the mimetic art. This unity, by the way, will be sacrificed at the approaching Wagner Festival at the Albert Hall, whereby the advocates of the Wagnerian drama will probably be brought to much undeserved confusion of face.

For want of such a standard of the right subject-matter for musical expression as has been indicated, and in despair at the indifference of poets, we see composers led into the wildest vagaries. Goethe's *Faust* has proved a loadstone mountain for more than one musical shipwreck; and the *Dicina Commedia* is not safe from attack. At the present moment we have the supernatural medieval romances and resuscitated myths of Herr Wagner at one end of the prospect, in the foreground Signor Verdi performing on his Italian tight-rope of passages in the life of Anonyma, or incidents in an Egyptian love story, while Herr Rubinstein in the distance, eager to avenge the cause of the Israelites, is only deterred by his poet Herr Mosenthal from setting all the Books of Moses to music, and barely satisfies his zeal with the history of the Maccabees and the Tower of Babel. From such chaos and unreason of the mind musical we must trust to be delivered by a gradual widening of the basis of musical culture. The musician cannot stand aloof from the progress around him, and if, as we must hope, music is indeed a living art which shall push fresh shoots into the future, our children may live to see a musical drama which will satisfy the ear without offending the intellect.

A VISION OF STEAM TRAMWAYS.

IT has been observed that even people of the most matter-of-fact and business-like character are occasionally subject to an outbreak of poetical and romantic feeling which startles those who are familiar with their ordinary habits. Some such influence seems to have been at work on a Select Committee of the House of Commons which at the beginning of the Session was appointed to "consider how far, and under what regulations, the employment of steam or other mechanical power may be allowed upon tramways and public roads." It was composed of members who, for the most part, are usually sensible and practical enough, such as Mr. Salt, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Mr. Goldney, Mr. Samuelson, Mr. McLagan, Lord Holmesdale, and the like; and they seem to have begun their inquiry in a very rational mood. They state that, "While confining their attention chiefly to the use of mechanical power on tramways, your Committee have endeavoured to give due weight to the interests of all persons concerned. They have mainly considered the safety and the convenience of the public, whether as passengers in the tramway cars or as passers-by along the highways and the streets; but in doing so they have not forgotten to ascertain what may be just to the proprietors of tramways, and have had regard to the position of owners of property and of local authorities." This is, of course, a very fair and proper way of looking at such a question; and as the Committee had to begin with one of its various sides, there is perhaps no reason to complain of their giving the interests of horses the preference. One of the strongest arguments, they say, in favour of the use of mechanical power upon tramways is to be found in the fact that the traction of the ordinary tram-car is a most severe strain upon a horse. The Secretary of the Edinburgh Tramway Company, being asked whether the Company had ever been proceeded against for cruelty to their horses, said, over and over again, "There are very few weeks, certainly not months, in which there are not serious complaints in regard to matters over which we have no control whatever; we get the best horses we can, and provide the best fodder and the best attendance, and yet there is no doubt that on some gradients the horses are very severely tried." The Chairman also said:—"It is very hard work for the horses, and, unless we constantly shifted them from the severer work to the less severe work, they would not last at all." Here the question arises whether this is due to the ordinary working of tramways under proper conditions, or whether it is due to the impracticable nature of the gradients; and any one who knows what they are on such a thoroughfare as Leith Walk will easily understand that they tell very severely on horses which have a heavy tram-car at their back. It would also appear to an ordinary observer that the horses are not particularly sleek and well fed, and that they are very hard-worked. Those who think that tramways ought to be carried everywhere in the interests of commercial speculation may perhaps treat gradients as a mere detail, and would be ready to attempt the ascent even of Arthur's Seat. But common-sense people will probably be disposed to hold that very steep gradients are not exactly suitable for the purposes

of transit, and that a fairly level road ought to be selected. The officials of the London General Omnibus Company also give similar evidence. It is said that horses for this service are usually bought at the age of five years, and the average life of a horse, after that time, is, if drawing an omnibus four and a half years, and if drawing a tram-car four years only; so that tramways are more exhausting to horses than omnibuses.

The Committee think that the evidence tends to show that the use of mechanical power will diminish the cost of traction, but they do not give the data for this opinion. They then proceed to consider the effect of a steam-car upon the ordinary street-car, as to which there is a conflict of evidence. Some witnesses state that horses, even in crowded thoroughfares, are almost wholly indifferent to steam, while others express serious alarm at the prospect of the introduction into the streets of a new motive power. In Paris a steam-car has been running for six or seven months, and, though nobody has yet been killed or maimed, several accidents have occurred, and in one instance an omnibus was overturned. Upon this the Committee remark that "much depends on the nature of the traffic," whilst "a real public advantage may be obtained at little or no risk when the roads are wide and the passing horses are chiefly employed in drawing cabs, omnibuses, or carts"; and that the system of steam-cars is yet in its infancy. This is no doubt partly true; but it may be suggested that it would be prudent to wait till the system has got beyond this crude state before establishing it for regular traffic. It is clear that even in Paris it is not without danger, and in the principal towns of this country streets are not always very wide, nor is the traffic chiefly of a heavy, sleepy kind, but includes light and rapid vehicles and spirited horses.

The appendix to the Report of this Committee is said to contain some interesting information as to Danish tramways, steam-cars in Paris, statistics of accidents in London and Paris, and other matters; but, as this has not yet been published, it is impossible to say how far it is authentic, or what it proves as to the security of passengers through the streets. The Committee have, they tell us, abstained from attempting to decide upon the merits or the demerits of any particular mechanical motive power, whether it be that of steam, air, or springs; but only to ascertain "how far engineers and inventors are able to comply with the regulations that must of necessity be enforced in the interests of the public." Some witnesses have professed their ability to do anything that may be required, while others have been more cautious. The opinion of the Committee is that certain qualifications may be promised, but will with difficulty be obtained; as, for instance, "the precise and accurate action of a speed indicator, of a speed regulator, of a self-acting brake, the emission of no steam whatever, the absence of vapour, smell, or noise." They find consolation, however, in the reflection that to "insist strictly upon all these conditions might lead to results inconvenient both to the promoters and to the public," and that "simplicity in a machine is essential to its efficiency as well as to its safety"; and they therefore come to the conclusion that "some of the regulations proposed by the Board of Trade are not at present desirable, though with most of them we cordially concur." Simplicity of working is all very well in its way; but the question is whether it is right to allow it when it creates a nuisance by "vapour, smell, and noise." The Committee wind up by suggesting the conditions under which they think that the use of mechanical power on tramways should generally be permitted. They are, in substance, as follows:—

I.—The machinery to be effectually protected and concealed from view. II.—The ingress to and the egress from the accommodation in the passenger car to be safe, convenient, clear of the machinery, and free from unpleasant noise, heat, or smell. III.—Every engine to be, as far as possible, free from noise of machinery or of blast. IV.—The engine to be so constructed and worked as to avoid as far as possible the emission of smoke or noxious or unpleasant vapour. V.—Two men to accompany each engine, unless by special dispensation from the Board of Trade. VI.—Brake power to be provided sufficient to stop the engine and car in their own length when travelling eight miles an hour. VII.—Every engine to carry a fender or some similar protection, and a bell or some sound of warning. VIII.—Every engine to carry a number, by which it may be registered at the Board of Trade. IX.—Every engine to be inspected twice in each year by a competent engineer, and report to be sent to the Board of Trade. The Board of Trade to have power to order a special inspection at the cost of the company. X.—Engines not to travel over a public road at a greater speed than at the rate of eight miles an hour in towns, and twelve miles an hour in the country. XI.—These regulations to be subject to modification from time to time by the Board of Trade.

Under these circumstances, the Committee recommend that power should be granted to the Board of Trade to license the trial of any particular engine on the tramways to which a Provisional Order or Private Bill refers, for any period not exceeding three months, "anything contained in any Act notwithstanding"; and, further, that, "in order that local authorities or private persons interested in the improvement of mechanical power on tramways may have an opportunity of trying experiments without infringing the law, or incurring the expense of a Provisional Order or an Act of Parliament, the Board of Trade should be authorized to grant permission to try such experiments on any tramway, on the application or with the consent of the local or road authority, for such limited periods and under such regulations as the Board of Trade may impose."

We have quoted very fully from this Report, because it seems to us to be of so extraordinary a character, coming as it does from a Committee composed, it might be supposed, of intelligent and common-sense persons. What it amounts to is simply this, that the

door is to be thrown open for all sorts of wild and dangerous experiments on the chance of their turning out to be not inconsistent with public convenience and safety. It may be admitted that, if the regulations which the Committee suggest were strictly complied with—that is, the machinery to be effectually protected and concealed from view; ingress and egress to be safe and convenient, clear of the machinery, and free from unpleasant heat, smell, or noxious or unpleasant vapours, or noise of machinery or blast; and with brake power sufficient to stop the engine and car in their own length when travelling eight miles an hour—steam-tramways would be less a nuisance than they would otherwise be; but there does not seem to be much chance of the promises of such results being fulfilled. As the evidence on which the Committee have founded their alarming proposal of free-trade in experiments which may be dangerous to life and destructive of public comfort has not yet been published, it is impossible to express any opinion as to how far the machinery actually invented and got into working order complies with these regulations. But the Committee themselves distinctly state that, as far as their inquiries have gone, it will be difficult to comply with the requirements as to the precise and accurate action of speed indicators and regulators, self-acting brakes, the emission of no steam, and the entire absence of unpleasant vapour, smell, or noise. In the course of years perhaps the steam-tramway-car may be brought to perfection; but it is acknowledged that at present it is only in its infancy, and there is no saying what pranks it might play if turned loose in the streets. The railways are specially enclosed lines, with signals, shunting arrangements, and a multitudinous staff of attendants to keep the lines clear; moreover, the traffic is under the control of the managers, and can be foreseen and regulated beforehand. Nevertheless even under all these precautions, how many accidents happen. Yet, in the face of this, it is seriously—but can it be really serious?—proposed that all the thoroughfares of any large and busy town should be invaded by a rush of steam-engines. It must be remembered that tramway lines are not like railway lines—private property—and that if one set of steam-engines is allowed to run, other vehicles of a similar kind will have also a right, in fairness, to go about as they please, just as cabs and omnibuses do. There is also an important point on which, oddly enough, the Committee do not touch; and that is the destruction of roads by tramways, and the ruinous straining and shaking of other vehicles which cross the lines, evils which must almost necessarily be intensified by the use of steam. Then add the smoke, the vapour, and the snorting, screeching noises, and it is easy to imagine what a Pandemonium the streets would be turned into. The fact is that, as it is, the horse tramways are in many cases a great nuisance already, and ought to be more strictly regulated. The steam tramway will be a new terror added to life in large towns.

POPULATION AND WEALTH IN FRANCE.

IT was inevitable that the Franco-German War should arouse attention in France to the stationariness of the population. Whatever differences of opinion may exist on other points, there can be no doubt that, in part at least, the victory of Germany was due to the superior number of men she brought into the field at the beginning of the struggle. This was so clear that, amidst all the disputes waged on other topics, no one has ventured to contest it; and France showed her recognition of the fact by proceeding as soon as she was free to do so to copy the military organization of Prussia. But just when the necessity for enormous armies was demonstrated by a terrible experience, the first Census taken after the war revealed to her that, independently altogether of the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, her population had decreased in six years nearly four hundred thousand. And the more recent Census, though it has shown an increase instead of a decrease, has still proved that increase to be excessively slow. It is hard, as an eminent French writer has remarked, for a people who for twelve centuries have been in the front rank of civilized nations to see themselves sinking gradually to an inferior rank; and naturally, therefore, the information thus brought to light has made a profound and a painful impression upon the public mind in France, and has called forth a multitude of books, pamphlets, and articles of very varying degrees of merit. Among these one of the most original and remarkable has recently been contributed to the *Revue Scientifique* by a well known statistician, M. Bertillon. M. Bertillon begins by stating the facts of his case. At the present time for every thousand inhabitants there are in France between twenty-six and twenty-seven births, whereas in England the ratio is thirty-five, and in Germany from thirty-eight to forty. That is to say, there are twelve or thirteen more births in Germany than in France for every thousand people living; or, to put the matter in a still clearer way, in equal populations there are very nearly three children born in Germany for two in France. This has not always been so. On the contrary, the birth-rate has steadily decreased since the beginning of the century. From thirty-three per thousand, a rate not greatly less than the present English rate, it has fallen by successive steps to 26·3 per thousand. It will be admitted that these facts are sufficiently grave to inspire Frenchmen with anxiety. If matters go on in this way, in another half-century Germany will have nearly sixty-five millions of people, while France will have no more than forty-two millions. If that happens, it will evidently

be in vain for France to pretend to political equality with her rival beyond the Rhine.

And now what is the cause of this slackening of growth of the French population? It is not, as M. Bertillon clearly shows, the scarcity of married women of the child-bearing age. In every thousand inhabitants, in fact, there are in France 140 married women between the ages of fifteen and fifty, while there are only 133 in this country, and no more than 128 in Prussia. Clearly, therefore, the birth-rate ought to be highest in France. A little consideration, however, will show that these figures really only repeat in another form the story we have been telling above. We have shown the small number of births; here we are giving proof of the infecundity of marriages. It is evident that, where families are the smallest, the proportion borne by married women to the whole population will be the highest. Again, it is not to the scarcity of means of subsistence that the slow growth of population is due. Germany is a far poorer country than France, yet the excess of births over deaths is very much greater in Germany than in France. Moreover, as we have just seen, the birth-rate in France itself has actually decreased as the prosperity of the country has increased. Wealth has enormously grown in France during the present century, yet the birth-rate is much lower now than it was seventy-six years ago. This fact seems at first sight to conflict with the commonly received economic theory; but not when the theory is correctly understood. The use of the word "subsistence" is misleading, and ought to be discontinued. Except among barbarous or semi-civilized peoples, it is not the bare necessities of life—the amount of food, clothing, and house accommodation, which, for example, would satisfy a slave—that determine the rate of growth, but the popular standard, for the time being, of what is requisite to make life endurable. If that standard rises faster than wealth grows, the increase of population will be slow; if it rises less rapidly, the increase will be quick. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon this point, for it is a truism to say that when people have once come to regard certain comforts as necessities they will not willingly descend to a more wretched existence. This is the real secret of the stationariness of the French population. M. Bertillon cites many other causes, as, for example, the immigration of Germans, Swiss, and Belgians. But this immigration clearly is possible only because Frenchmen have a higher standard of living than their neighbours. Indirectly, no doubt, immigration checks the growth of population by keeping down wages. But it is itself the effect of the scarcity of French labourers. Partly because of the general diffusion of well-being consequent on the Revolution, the facility with which landed property can be acquired, and the universal desire to obtain it, partly because of the strong hold which the idea of equality has upon Frenchmen, and their unwillingness to see their children descend in the social scale, and partly because of their attachment to their native soil, and the repugnance they feel to emigration, French parents have a high standard of living, and they refuse to risk their own or their children's future by encumbering themselves with large families. Curious and very striking proof of the correctness of this view is afforded by the statistics which M. Bertillon has collected of the influence of peasant proprietorship on the birth-rate. In the thirty departments having the largest numbers of proprietors, he finds that for every thousand inhabitants there are 285 proprietors, 247 births, 23·2 deaths, and 25·3 marriages; in thirty-one departments, with a medium number of proprietors, there are 240 proprietors, 25·7 births, 23·1 deaths, and 25·6 marriages; and in twenty-one departments, having the least number of proprietors, there are 177 proprietors, 28·1 births, 23·2 deaths, and 25·9 marriages. It will be here noted how sensibly the ratio of births rises as the ratio of proprietors falls, while the ratio of deaths and marriages varies only by small fractions.

But the really curious and original part of M. Bertillon's paper is that in which he attempts to ascertain the economic results of a slow and a rapid growth of population. Germany, he says, has forty millions of people, and its birth-rate is forty per thousand inhabitants—that is to say, it has 1,600,000 births every year. If Germany had the French birth-rate of twenty-six per thousand, the births would be only 1,040,000. Therefore Germany has an excess of 560,000 births every year over the French proportion; and these, according to the tables of mortality, give 350,000 adults of twenty years of age. Now a man during the earlier years of his life has to be supported at the expense of others—to be fed, clothed, and taught; and these 350,000 young people have to be maintained by their parents—that is, by the generation which precedes them. M. Bertillon estimates that the maintenance of each of them costs four thousand francs, or 160*l.* sterling. Consequently, Germany has to expend 56,000,000*l.* every year on the increase of her population beyond what she would have to lay out were her birth-rate the same as the French. On the other hand, with the German birth-rate, France would have half a million more births than now, and in consequence would have to spend on her children 49,600,000*l.*, which she now saves. Thus M. Bertillon arrives at the conclusion that the greater part of the excess of production over consumption is in Germany devoted to the augmentation of the population, whereas in France it is saved, and goes to swell the disposable capital of the country. In other words, wealth increases largely every year in France, while population remains almost stationary; in Germany, on the other hand, it is population that grows rapidly, and wealth that remains almost stationary. The argument is extremely ingenious, and

beyond all question contains a large ingredient of truth. But it appears to us to have many flaws in it. We are by no means convinced, to begin with, that the growth of wealth in Germany is so slow as is here assumed. Of course, France is out of all comparison the richer country. But that is not the point. The development of German industry and German commerce appears to us the very reverse of slow. In merchant shipping, and especially in steam shipping, the progress of Germany has been far more rapid than that of France. The advance in mining, in the iron and steel trade, in cotton manufacture, has also been very great. Further, M. Bertillon appears to us greatly to overestimate the cost of bringing up children. It is unquestionable that the modern tendency is to increase that cost. All the necessities of life are dearer than they were, and the prevalence of more humane and enlightened views—the universality of instruction in Germany, for example, and the law restricting the employment of children in manufactories—has the effect of prolonging the unproductive period of childhood. But certainly in no country in the world are young people in general kept idle till they are twenty years of age. The children of the wealthy, no doubt, are; but the children of the lower middle classes begin to work at fifteen or sixteen, and the children of the working classes at twelve or thirteen. At first, we grant, they do not earn their own maintenance, but only contribute towards it. But long before twenty the majority bring in more than they cost. The 160*l.* of M. Bertillon's estimate must, therefore, be greatly reduced. Probably 100*l.* would be nearer the mark. And, if so, the excess in the expenditure of Germany on this item would be 35,000,000*l.* instead of 56,000,000*l.* Again, M. Bertillon assumes that the expenditure on a small family is not proportionately greater than the expenditure on a large family. But surely this assumption is not in accordance with experience. The spoiling of only children has been proverbial in all ages, and, indeed, it is human nature to set a higher value on what is scarce. When parents have but one or two little ones they are more ready to indulge and pamper them than when they have half-a-dozen. It by no means follows, therefore, that the scale of expenditure on the small families in France is no higher proportionately than that on the larger families in Germany. Lastly, M. Bertillon takes no account of the spur applied to the members of large families by the feeling that they have their own way to make in the world. The French peasant is uneducated, unaccustomed to reading, unfamiliar with other countries; he therefore never contemplates the possibility of his son emigrating. Thus Algeria remains unoccupied, and French commerce has few representatives in distant quarters of the globe. The German, on the contrary, knows that the world is wide, and that its good things are to be won by the enterprising and the intelligent. Germans consequently are to be found pushing their way in France, establishing themselves in the counting-houses of London and Lancashire, supplanting Englishmen in China, Japan, and the islands of the Pacific, and helping to build up new States in the Far West of the American Union. This emigration relieves the home-labour market, but it still leaves such an abundance of labour as fully meets the requirements of the country, and stimulates by the keenness of the competition the dexterity and the inventive faculty of the people. Although, then, there is much truth in M. Bertillon's theory, it must not be pushed too far. The cost of a rapidly increasing population is much less than he represents it, and it is partly recouped by the greater productive power of the larger population. There can of course be no question that at certain times and in some countries population has grown too rapidly. It did so notoriously in Ireland during the sixty or seventy years that preceded the potato famine. Apparently it is doing so at the present time in India, where the introduction of English capital alone prevents universal pauperism. And it seems long since to have done so in China. But we see no proof that in Germany the expenditure on large families is seriously encroaching on the saving powers of parents, or that in France thrift would sensibly suffer if the birth-rate were considerably increased. M. Bertillon does not sufficiently allow for the fact that in countries which have once accumulated large capitals the growth of labour is as necessary as the growth of capital. In France, for example, the stationariness of the native population does not cause a very great rise of wages; it simply stimulates a German, Swiss, and Belgian immigration.

THE THEATRES.

FROM a production called "*The Firefly*, Evening Paper and Programme," which is sold in the Criterion Theatre, and would have some distant affinity to the *Entr'acte* or *Orchestre* of Paris but that it contains advertisements of only two out of the many London theatres, we learn strange things concerning Mr. Albery's adaptation of *Les Dominos Roses*. It is, according to this authority, "the best farcical comedy that has been produced in London within the recollection of the present generation of playgoers." The ingenious writer of the notice goes on to say that the construction of the piece, which he does not observe is the work of MM. Delacour and Hennequin, is a "marvel of ingenuity," while the brilliant dialogue "reflects the highest credit on the adapter, Mr. James Albery. . . . The comedy is wholly free from any immoral or improper construction, save by those whose imagination has been allowed to run riot. . . . Some of the press have made most uncalled-for attacks upon the *Pink Dominos*, but, as a matter of fact, there is not a line or a situation

in the piece that the most fastidious can take an exception to." People who have expressed any disapproval of the morality of the piece must, we are told, have been full of memories of the original *Dominos Roses*, and have thus "visited the sins of the author upon the adapter," and been "guilty of a serious injustice to the management of the Criterion Theatre, and a reflection upon the highly respectable audiences who pay their money to witness and enjoy the performance." All this is mighty fine, and reminds one pleasantly of a certain scene in the *Legend of Montrose*, where the supposed Murdoch, visiting Dalgetty in his dungeon, answers his questions about the Marquis of Argyle in a manner which leads Dalgetty to exclaim, "I never heard so much good of him before; you must know the Marquis well, or rather you must be the Marquis himself!"

To the brilliant piece of writing quoted above is appended a letter written by Mr. Albery to the *Daily Telegraph*, in which he says:—"The licensor has the power to strike out any passage from a play. I wish he had the power to strike out from the audience those few obscene purists who set silly folk looking for innuendoes that the author never intended." This is ungrateful of Mr. Albery; the mistaken people for whom he has found so graceful and appropriate a name have been the means of exciting curiosity concerning the *Pink Dominos*, and securing for it an amount of attention which "the author," as Mr. Albery chooses to call himself, might otherwise have failed to catch. That attention should be so directed to a play is not very creditable to the audiences who go to see it; but it is comforting to reflect that those who are attracted to the *Pink Dominos* by the hope of seeing or hearing something dreadfully improper are likely to be rather disappointed. It is no doubt possible to put an unpleasantly suggestive meaning upon some passages in the play; but a sufficient exercise of ingenuity might avail to do this in the case of many plays of higher calibre than the *Pink Dominos*. The moral tone of the piece is no better than that of certain other more pretentious plays taken from the French, as an instance of which *Peril* may be named; but the representation of society given in a wild farce is hardly to be taken seriously, while in what is now termed comedy-drama the events and motives put before the audience must be supposed to have some foundation of fact. The moral theory indicated by a wife who lives contentedly with her husband, and says to a woman younger in experience of married life than herself, "A good husband is one who is gentleman enough to be a hypocrite," is distasteful enough no doubt; but neither Mr. Albery nor MM. Delacour and Hennequin are authors of such weight that even the most foolish audiences are likely to incur any moral danger from listening to their cynical frivolities. We have no wish to suggest that the tone of the *Pink Dominos* is desirable, or that plays of its class can ever be acceptable to people who have any true care for the interests of the stage. But the outcry which has been raised against it as a detestably immoral production seems to be unwarranted. The general morality of the characters in the play is at least as high as it is in the *School for Scandal*; but possibly people who are not shocked by the representation of the wickedness of a bygone time may feel their moral sense outraged when it is suggested that men of the present day are not insensible to the charms of bachelor suppers, and will tell their wives lying excuses in order to enjoy them. For the rest, Mr. Albery, who once gave promise of originality and dexterity as a playwright, has paid himself no compliment in giving in to the current fashion of borrowing from the French; and, if he was determined to borrow, he might have found some better employment for his skill as a translator than reducing to a propriety which some people have questioned a piece which is as completely French in its low aim as in its neatly interwoven construction. The English writer in his dialogue attains some smartness by making people talk to each other as they can only talk in the regions of farce; and he has made one gross blunder by retaining a character which, when its original nature is taken away—a thing which on the English stage is fortunately necessary—becomes utterly incomprehensible and foolish. The actors concerned in the *Pink Dominos* have no very difficult task to perform, and perform it tolerably well. Mr. Wyndham in one of the principal characters displays the boisterousness which with many people passes for humour; while the undoubted talents of Miss Fanny Josephs and the very promising performance of Miss Eastlake seem thrown away upon what they have to do. The acting by Mr. Ashley of an innocent old gentleman who is constantly longing to burst into juvenile extravagance is admirably comic.

Le Village is not one of M. Octave Feuillet's happiest dramatic productions, and its adaptation for the Prince of Wales's under the name of *The Vicarage*, by Mr. Saville Rowe, is about as dull and deplorable a piece of work as can be imagined. The outline of the piece is that an old couple who have lived long together in a retired country vicarage, happy in a circle of narrow interests, are visited by an old friend who is a great traveller, and by his talk excites the Rev. Noel Haygarth into the intention of spending with him three or four weeks on the Continent. From the storm which the expression of this intention raises one is led to suspect that Mrs. Haygarth has private information of some deep and dark design which is hid beneath the seemingly innocent project of the vicar and his friend. With trembling voice and tearful eyes she says that she only lives to make her husband happy, and, if it will make him happy to take this holiday, why, let him go. At the same time it is to be observed that she uses every effort to detain him, and finally succeeds in persuading both him and his friend George Clarke that to vegetate in the vicarage is much better than to roam about the world. The motive

of the piece is one that could only be managed successfully with the lightest and most dexterous touch, and Mr. Saville Rowe's hand is far too heavy for the task. Nothing, for instance, short of Mrs. Bancroft's skill could prevent an utterly ludicrous impression being produced by Mrs. Haygarth begging her husband with pathetic appeal to let her look over his things for him, as then he may perhaps think sometimes of her when he is far away, within two days and a half of London. There are certain peculiarities about the state of manners represented in *The Vicarage* which are in their way no less striking than those exhibited in Mr. Albery's version of a French play. The experienced and presumably cultivated traveller "George Clarke C.B." opens a lively and amiable conversation with his host and hostess by complaining of the spongy toast and stewy tea which they set before him, and ringing the bell for some lemon to put in his teacup. He explains this demand by saying that in Russia people never dream of putting milk into tea, and that the lemon which they substitute is infinitely better. The furniture of the very quiet and old-fashioned vicarage in which this terrible drama is enacted is not its least remarkable point; the house is decorated after the newest æsthetic fashion, which no doubt gives point to the pathetic remark of Mrs. Haygarth that "there is not a thing in this house which is not a landmark in our lives." The acting of *The Vicarage* by Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Mr. Kendal is excellently careful and finished, but cannot make the piece seem anything else than a solemn and doleful absurdity. It serves a purpose in making the empty froth and incongruous nonsense of *London Assurance*, which follows it, seem at first at least gay and natural by comparison. But *London Assurance* is in truth a piece which fully deserved the bitter caricature of it sketched by Thackeray in "A Night's Pleasure," and is utterly unworthy of the good acting devoted to it at the Prince of Wales's. In some respects, indeed, the acting is too good; the play is so completely and hopelessly artificial that the naturalness skilfully imparted to almost all the characters breaks rather than helps the illusion; it is as though the scenes of a pantomime should be gone through with the utmost gravity and decorum by a well-trained comedy troop. That Mr. Kendal should be good as Charles Courtly is perhaps less surprising than the excellence of Mr. Bancroft in Dazzle, a part which one would not have thought was much in his line. Mr. Teesdale and Mr. Kemble are, if anything, too quiet in Squire Harkaway and Dolly Spanker; but that is a fault on the right side. Mr. Arthur Cecil needlessly exaggerates the unnatural part of Sir Harcourt Courtly until the last act, throughout which his playing is extremely skilful and delicate. Mr. Sugden as Cool, the impossible valet, is as good as possible. So much praise cannot be given to Mr. Honey's Mark Meddle; but Mr. Honey has to deal with a character in which there is really no humour, and in playing which actors generally resort to certain stage tricks which Mr. Honey, much to his credit, avoids. Mrs. Kendal's Lady Gay Spanker is one of the best performances which this clever actress has given us, and in it she displays a vivacity and brightness which in some other parts she has shown too little. Mrs. Bancroft sets an excellent example by giving a charm to the small part of Pert. The play is much overloaded with elaborate scenery, which is perhaps the reason why the intervals between the acts are far too long.

The revival of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* at the St. James's shows how much the art of dramatic construction and characterization has improved since Massinger's time. One hardly realizes, in merely reading the play, how weak for stage purposes it is until the last scene is reached. The character of Sir Giles Overreach is no doubt what has kept the play on the stage by dint of the opportunities it gives to an actor powerful to express the extravagance of passion. This is hardly what Mr. Hermann Vezin excels in; everything he does is artistic and scholarly, and these very qualities interfere somewhat with his successfully rendering a part for which is needed a brutality which Mr. Vezin seems unable to assume. His Sir Giles is in all the earlier acts too much of a gentleman; his fawning upon Lord Lovell, contrasted with his harsh speeches aside to his daughter, is from one point of view admirably conceived and executed, but it is the fawning of a polished courtier, not of the cunning and ferocious Sir Giles. In the last scene, however, Mr. Vezin displays a great intensity of passion, which is marred only by an indistinctness of utterance, which is a new and unwelcome fault in the actor, whose articulation has generally been excellent. Mr. Flockton, as Marrall, gives a fresh proof that he is an actor of singularly versatile power who can think out a part and give successful expression to his thought. Mr. Clayton gives a pleasant and well-marked rendering of Well-born. Before this play is performed a comedietta, by Miss Kate Field, called *Extremes Meet*, in which Miss Field herself plays the principal part, and shows that in a less feeble and ill-written piece she might possibly be an actress of value.

REVIEWS.

THE SICILIAN ANARCHY.*

THE complaints of personal outrage suffered by English residents in Sicily, and the consequent debates in the Italian

* *La Sicilia nel 1876*. Libro Primo: Condizioni Politiche e Amministrative, per Leopoldo Franchetti. Libro Secondo: I Contadini in Sicilia, per Sidney Sonnino. Firenze: Barbera. 1877.

Parliament, have gained a wide hearing for this full exposition of a very painful topic. Those among the early friends of Italian independence who were never carried away by enthusiasm for the transcendental heroics of Mazzini and Garibaldi have not been surprised at the failure of the new government in the southern provinces. It is notorious that Cavour and his Piedmontese colleagues in 1861, while forced to accept the conquest of "the Two Sicilies" in the year before, as well as to compass that of the Roman Marches and Umbria for the security of Victor Emmanuel's kingdom, did not look hopefully on this extension of their administrative task. Upper Italy, comprising Lombardy, with Parma and Modena, the Legations of Ferrara and Bologna, commonly called the Romagna, and the late Grand Duchy of Tuscany, was to have been the chosen field of constructive and regenerative statesmanship. Its ablest and most influential men, such as Minghetti and Ricasoli, were already prepared to continue the work of Cavour, with the active support, at least in every town of Lombardy and the Romagna, and likewise in Florence, of many respectable citizens, and of some of the rural nobility or gentry. The social condition of these northern provinces, with a thriving middle class of small proprietors or farmers on the metayer system, and with their accustomed docility to the guidance of superiors in rank and education, was favourable to their harmonious political settlement. Their population was thoroughly imbued with the traditional urbanity of old Italian manners, and with respect for legal and official authorities. But in the Two Sicilies, as the joint continental and insular dominions which Garibaldi wrested from the Bourbon dynasty of Naples had been previously styled, there was a totally different state of affairs. It was not without great reluctance, and only to prevent a wild democratic and republican triumph inviting a French intervention, that Cavour agreed to the incorporation of the Neapolitans and Sicilians with the naturally loyal subjects of the new Italian kingdom.

The process of political digestion and assimilation in this case, but especially with regard to the island of Sicily, has, in fact, proved desperately hard. These two volumes, by Signors Franchetti and Sonnino, on the social and administrative condition of Sicily, present a deplorable picture. After fifteen years of connexion with the Italian constitutional monarchy, that unhappy portion of the national territory, inhabited by a singular mixture of races owing to the alternation of conquests in the middle ages, is a prey to lawless violence which its rulers are confessedly impotent to restrain. The testimony of Signor Franchetti, whose comprehensive analytical study of the workings of the civil administration fills one volume, is an unqualified condemnation, not of any particular political party, nor of the policy of annexing Sicily, but of the attempt to give it equal self-government with the mainland of Italy. Its lamentable unfitness at present for the salutary exercise of local public authority by any class of its own citizens is here exposed to view in no unfriendly spirit. Signor Franchetti does not shrink from declaring that, "in order to save Sicily, the State must govern it without the co-operation of the Sicilians." Yet he repudiates the notion that they are by nature incapable of self-government, or debarred by some mysterious fatality from partaking, in due course, of European civilization. Their social and moral progress has been obstructed primarily, it appears, by pernicious economic causes which have prevented the growth of the habits and opinions essential to a law-abiding people. We have in our own history witnessed a similar kind of hitch, so to speak, in the process of bringing Scotland and Ireland, after their respective unions with England, up to the ordinary and indispensable social requirements of peaceful British citizenship. Patient and tolerant consideration of the morbid state of a foreign community under these circumstances, with a candid recognition of the difficulties in its government, is claimed more especially from our own countrymen. To judge fairly of the merits of a new rule in the southern provinces, highlands, and islands of Italy, we should compare its results with those shown in North Britain under the early Hanoverian reigns, or in Ireland not a hundred years ago.

This preface should rather serve to mitigate the shock with which a stranger in Sicily, after his first brief enjoyment of the delicious aspect of Palermo, enters a country that is delivered up to murder and rapine. He is daily alarmed or grieved by fresh tales of what, in any other part of Europe, would be called the most barbarous and savage crimes, but at which the natives are not at all scandalized. It seems little, as in Ireland, to those who are accustomed to hear of it, that a landowner has been shot dead from behind a wall, simply for having let his field or garden, or given employment on his estate, to a person forbidden him by the local gang of "prepotenti," or usurpers of power in everybody's private affairs. There are many precedents also in other lands of extensive upland pasture for "the good old rule, the simple plan," exemplified in Rob Roy's cattle-stealing depredations; and the configuration of Sicilian mountains and valleys is suitable for that pursuit. The stolen flocks and herds taken from the northern districts of the island are sequestered in some recess of the interior highlands, till they can be driven quietly down to the south coast, and there shipped off for sale at Tunis. The brigands of Greece, too, and of the Southern Apennines, have brought to equal perfection the system of kidnapping rich proprietors and extorting large ransoms from their distressed families or friends. But in the complex organization of crime in Sicily there are peculiar methods, attesting the connivance at least, if not the active complicity, of members of the respectable classes. A recognized dictatorial terrorism, exercised by the "capo-

mafia," or elective chieftain of a band of homicides, robbers, and wasters of property, is allowed to interfere in all manner of legitimate business. The hire of workmen and servants, the terms of a lease or sale, the biddings at a public auction, are controlled by this notorious conspiracy against the law of the realm and individual freedom of action. Its influence is frequently lent, for a consideration, to serve the purposes of influential men holding good positions in society. Municipal offices, the administration of charitable trust funds, of the "opere pie," and the like, are disposed of in subjection to the dread of confederate vengeance for any opposition to the local tyrants. It may seem incredible that an opulent and ancient aristocracy should endure such ignominious dependence on the vilest rabble. The motive, however, is not cowardice, but an hereditary inclination to use the services of those venal banditti—as the ancestor of a Sicilian noble used to employ mercenary troops or "bravi"—in their own private quarrels. In Sicily, as in other Mediterranean islands where the prevailing social morality has a wild Saracenic or North African flavour, the "vendetta" is worshipped more devoutly than the Madonna and the Saints. One standing feud between two rival houses or clans is computed to have cost thirty-five men's lives within a twelvemonth. In the streets of Palermo, as in some towns of the Southern and Western States of America, four or five gentlemen on each side will exchange shots from their revolvers, as the Montagues and Capulets of Verona exchanged the rapier cuts and thrusts of that romantic age.

All this is pretty much what might be expected in a detached fragment of Southern Europe which has remained, in spite of revolutions and constitutions, little affected by modern reform, except in the mere outer framework of government. The authority of the State has never yet been regarded there with attachment, confidence, or respect. It was so much abused by the late Bourbon dynasty as to implant a sentiment of profound detestation in the popular mind. The Italian national monarchy has not yet found the way to conciliate affection or to command obedience among its new insular subjects. There is no middle class whose industrial and trading interests might be consulted by the establishment of an orderly civil rule, assimilating their province to the rest of Italy. The representatives of the old Barons, whose feudal prerogatives were suddenly abolished in 1812, having recovered their power, without legal sanctions, through the corruption and feebleness of the royal Government, have since then contrived to keep it by the criminality of the lower class.

This is a frightful indictment against a whole people; but it is the net result of Signor Franchetti's statements with regard to the social condition of Sicily down to the period of his commission of inquiry last year. His two colleagues, Signors Sonnino and Enea Cavalieri, were occupied more especially with researches as to the material resources and agricultural economy of the island. Sonnino's treatise on the state of the rural population, the industries and products of different districts, the customs of land tenure, rent and wages, and their effects on the life of the peasantry, contains a store of detailed information mixed up with theories of agrarian policy having but an indirect bearing on the subject under our notice. Cavalieri's portion of the joint work has not been completed in a proper form for publication, but the materials here collected are sufficient for certain general conclusions. Many particulars are confirmed by the report, published last September, but dated in July, of a Parliamentary commission of inquiry upon the condition of Sicily, which has been cited in recent debates. We refrain from attempting to decide any question suggested by these Italian publicists with reference to the land laws, the remuneration of labour, and other economic causes of an unsettled social state. Signor Franchetti's volume alone supplies abundance of proof of the most serious allegations of failure on the part of the Italian Government. It cannot be worse, indeed, than that of the Bourbons before 1860; but it does not appear in Sicily to be any better. Its vices, of course, are not inherent in the monarchy or the central authority, but are of local origin; nevertheless they are an intolerable disgrace and mischief to the whole of Italy, and it would be treason to Italian patriotism were any party to attempt their palliation.

The Italian Government, in one word, finds itself isolated amidst Sicilian society; and this, not because it is Italian and represents the national unity, but only because it is a regular government, with some pretensions to enforce public order and law. It finds itself, says Signor Franchetti, "encamped in Sicily" as in a land and people utterly hostile to its administrative aims and views. That province would seem to be a piece of the world of the turbulent middle ages, which had never dreamt of the modern Code and police. Most Sicilians of the upper class, we are told, cannot as yet form an idea of the public welfare, in the abstract, but only of personal or private interests. They regard the force of a Government as the mere ally of one set of persons against another. Whenever it would take an independent and impartial course it becomes the object of general aversion. Its procedure is thwarted by a tacit universal conspiracy of reluctance, concealment, and deception. It is deprived of those various local agencies which are the hands, the eyes, and ears of a ruling civil power. To carry on the figure, our author says that "the public authority, blindfold and deafened, is still groping about in search of the assassins and other malefactors who are known to everybody else." The characters and habitual misdeeds of such persons may indeed be known to the superior administrative officials as well as to the judges and public prosecutors in the criminal courts. But to set in motion the

machinery of police arrests and judicial procedure requires information, repeated formal depositions, the examination of witnesses successively by an officer of public safety, an inspector, the judge of instruction, who must commit the prisoner for trial, and finally by the judges in the assize courts; in some cases also the verdict of a jury is needed. The impudent and crafty mendacity of a people whose glory and delight is to baffle the law contrives to fritter away the substantial evidence of crime before any definitive sentence can be pronounced. When the accused, as commonly happens, is under the protection of the "Mafia," nobody will dare to appear twice against him with a plain statement of fact; but every witness will equivocate, retract, alter, and confuse the previous evidence, so that the magistrate has no choice but to discharge the prisoner. The inferior servants of the police establishment, of the prisons, and of the magistracy are mostly in league with the enemies of the law. It often happens that arrests which were to have been secretly prepared and suddenly effected are prevented by notice being given beforehand to the culprit, who has ample leisure to change his residence after this timely warning from his friends in the police. We are told how the popular brigand chief of a mountain district, knowing that a warrant is out against him, boldly comes to town and revels a few days at his favourite tavern, while the carabinieri, guided by his trusty accomplice, perform long marches around his highland home. This attitude of cool defiance and conscious security in the habitual perpetration of violent and lawless acts seems to be greatly admired by popular opinion. The lives of celebrated banditti have a romantic charm for Sicilian youth, some of whom, the sons of good families, have joined the brigands, it is said, from pure love of adventure.

How to set this Sicilian anarchy to rights is a problem which must be left for the Italian Legislature to solve. The case is beyond the reach of the ablest Executive with the existing laws and institutions. Fifteen or sixteen prefects have succeeded one another at Palermo in as many years. Some have tried and done their best; yet all have failed to enforce the law, to break the lawless power of criminal combinations, to protect the honest and innocent citizen, if such there be in Sicily, from personal outrage and oppression. An almost ludicrous description is given of the perplexing situation of a zealous functionary newly arrived in the island, perhaps coming from loyal and orderly Piedmont. He is received by the wily Sicilians with the most flattering courtesies. He had expected to find their community a sort of Inferno, where so many of his predecessors had gone through a brief term of shameful torment, and retired amidst the mocking derision of their triumphant foes. Instead of this, he is invited to join a happy family of unsophisticated natives, who almost persuade him that their local relations are a pattern of harmony. It is not long, however, before he hears complaints of the state of the roads, the frequency of robberies and murders, and above all the weight of taxation; and when he begins to look into the details of administration, he finds that beneath a perfect regularity of external forms, they are entangled in a vast web of mystification to which no clue is readily obtained. If he applies to persons of reputed character and local experience, they give him the most different counsels, each faction or clique prescribing an exclusive attention to its own interests, and telling him to beware of the others. He resolves to be impartial, to strike out an independent course of energetic action; then there rises round about him the hydra-headed monster of popular calumny, and its hundred mouths assail his character with a pelting storm of unjust accusations. The whole provincial society declares war against the agent of the royal Government, and attacks him with implacable fury; it prompts the Sicilian deputies and senators at Rome to urge the case in the Italian Parliament against the Ministry of the day. The end is that the unhappy prefect or sub-prefect is either removed from his post, or surrenders his pretensions to strict official integrity, and becomes the tool of some local faction, compromising his own authority by illegal and violent measures. The same demoralizing influence besets the minor agents of the State in the fiscal and the judicial branches of administration. These officials, but especially the "pretori," who are charged with the supervision of a multitude of suspected persons, as well as with the detection of crimes and the identification of criminals, are seldom trustworthy; and such is the difficulty of proceeding by regular course of law to the apprehension and conviction of notorious offenders, that the earnest or exasperated magistrate is often tempted to make an excessive use of arbitrary and extra-legal powers which should be reserved for an exceptional crisis. It is confessed that there has been frequent abuse of the preventive methods of dealing with persons put under the ban of police admonition, and those who are sometimes compelled by Government order to reside in a specified place. The total number of "ammuniti" in the three judicary districts of Palermo, Messina, and Catania was in 1874 about three thousand, and nearly a thousand persons were placed under restraint in the matter of their domicile. But these were mostly petty delinquents, guilty of some larceny or theft in fields and gardens, not the bold brigands who attack houses and villages in broad daylight, or who rob travellers and mails on the King's highway. To catch any of these really formidable public enemies is a feat rarely accomplished; and it can only be done by resorting to devices little befitting the agents of the law. Instances could be mentioned, says our author, in which a leader of bandits has been destroyed by a process more like an assassination than an execution. The Italian soldiery, and the "carabinieri" or

gendarmes, seem to be all 'the instruments upon whose obedience the State can rely in that unhappy island, since the mounted patrol of the country, the "militi a cavallo," are usually in league with the brigands. Altogether this is a hideous picture of anarchy in a province of that new kingdom in whose freedom we have rejoiced. The malady has been laid bare to view, and its seat has been probed by Signor Franchetti with an unsparing hand. But to prescribe and effect the cure is a task of more consummate surgery than has yet been shown by the surviving Italian statesmen of the national revolution.

SHUTE'S DISCOURSE ON TRUTH.*

THE valiant endeavours of Mr. Green and Mr. Grose to call back the youth of Oxford from wasting their time on a barren insular philosophy to learn from Hegel how self-consciousness constitutes reality seem to be thus far not wholly successful. The fascinating bane of Hume has, in at least one instance, been too much for the antidote of Mr. Green's most ingenious Introduction; and we see here the work of an unruly spirit which has not only drunk deep of Hume, but insists on carrying out Hume's inquiries to lengths even beyond Hume's results, unmoved by the charming of Mr. Green and his colleagues. Mr. Shute has answered the call of the Hegelians by following with absolute devotion—not the slavish copying of the letter, but the true service of a kindred mind—in the footsteps of Locke and Hume. Quite in their spirit, and not without a certain fresh quaintness of manner that reminds one of their language, he has taken up fundamental questions from the beginning, and worked them out with as little reference as possible to the accepted notions of the schools; and he has performed his task not only with an acuteness which makes his work brilliant as an exercise of dialectics, but with a thoroughness and solidity which make it a really formidable addition to the armoury of empirical philosophy.

The first chapter is concerned with the definition of truth, and this, we confess, is the chapter we care least for. Truth is a word of extensive use, and in no way peculiar to philosophy, and we do not see that philosophers are bound to compete with philologists and dictionary-writers in defining it. Mr. Shute's own definition, when he arrives at it, is after all a vague one, and also does some violence to the common usage of the word. Nor do we see that it afterwards comes into play to any important extent. The topic next taken up is that of definition. This soon leads us to the consideration of class-names, and the reader is plunged unawares—for Mr. Shute makes a point of speaking throughout as one not addressing experts—into the venerable controversy about Universals. Mr. Shute, as an Englishman and the disciple of Englishmen, is an uncompromising Nominalist, and holds that the so-called universal is only a cluster of more or less confused remembrances of particulars. This he expresses by the following happy illustration:—

A general idea is like a wide-stretching landscape, whereof portions stand out clear in the sunlight, while the remoter regions fade away in the distance. What, then, are the clearly marked, and what the misty and doubtful features of this complex whole? The fixed and vivid portion will consist of those qualities which have been common to all our experiences of the individual members of the class. The vague and shadowy background will consist of qualities which have varied in different members of the class with whom we have met. Other things being equal, each individual experience will count as a single unit towards the forming of the general idea. The chief exceptions to this rule are that instances nearer in time will have more effect than those more remote, and that those in which we have taken an interest, or in which our attention has been excited by the conjunction of our experience with some violent emotion, whether pleasurable or painful, will counterbalance a very large number of mere ordinary neutral-tinted experiences.

So far he is with one set of logicians against another. When he comes to discuss the nature of propositions, Mr. Shute breaks loose from the logicians altogether. He takes the line of denying that there is any real universal knowledge; a proceeding which may surprise many, though it does not surprise us, who have already found no difficulty in conceding to Mr. Green that this is the only tenable position for a consistently empirical thinker. But, more than this, Mr. Shute carries the war into the enemy's country by denying that there are even any real universal propositions, which he makes out as follows:—In the statement "All A is B" the form only is universal, the term "all" being really doubtful. Putting aside the disputed cases of so-called necessary truths, we constantly make statements in the universal form about things of which we cannot have universal knowledge, so-called contingent truths of which we can speak only from limited experience. In such statements the real significance of "all" is not positive but negative; it is a compendious sign of uncontradicted experience. "All A is B" means that many A's have been found to be B's, and that no A has been found to be not B. The value of the statement as a guide to conduct obviously depends on the nature of the case, and the extent, character, and circumstances of the experience. The proposition tells us vaguely that the evidence known to the speaker, or to those from whom his information is derived, gives a result of a certain kind. The specific worth of the result can be arrived at only by examining the evidence. Treating in like manner the "particular" form of proposition, Mr. Shute finds that in "some A is B," the word "some" is the symbol of con-

tradicted experience. It tells us that there have occurred cases in which A's were B, and cases in which other A's were not B; as to the proportion of the two classes of cases it tells us nothing. By this line of consideration the reader is led to what is really the fundamental idea of the chapter, if not of the book—namely, that such an expression as "absolute certainty" is absolutely unmeaning.

This may seem sufficiently daring; but the chapter "On Cause and the Law of Universal Causation" goes, if possible, further. Mr. Shute maintains without reserve that the relation of cause and effect is something purely subjective. "The connexion between the phenomena is the work of the mind and the mind only. A cause is merely that which the mind selects as a sign of the coming of that other phenomenon which it calls an effect. An effect is merely that which the mind chooses as a sign of the past existence of a cause." As regards the current notion of cause and effect as antecedent and consequent this seems to us perfectly right. We could wish that Mr. Shute had found room to consider Mr. G. H. Lewes's proposal to give a new scientific meaning to cause and effect by considering them, not as antecedent and consequent at all, but as a twofold aspect of the same thing; this, however, would not be strictly relevant to his purpose, which is to deal with the conception as it is found in common use. He goes on to say that the relation of cause and effect is very similar in character to that of thing and attribute, and to some extent interchangeable with it. The difference is a difference established in thought by ourselves and for our convenience, and is this; an effect may be thought of as persisting after the cause is gone, while an attribute cannot be thought of as persisting after the thing is gone. All this must be an abomination to transcendentalists; but what follows will be hardly less displeasing to many followers of the English "inductive" school. Mr. Shute treats the canons of induction, and the law of the uniformity of nature, on which all the canons of induction are said to rest, with very moderate respect. He says, and rightly says, that the canons of induction are at best approximate in practice, because we can never observe all the phenomena. This is true; but we should add that a vast number of them are irrelevant, and the art of skilled observation—which is a thing quite beside the formulae of inductive logic—consists in selecting those which are relevant ones in a given subject-matter and for a given purpose. As for the uniformity of nature, Mr. Shute boldly says it "is only not untrue because it is absolutely unmeaning." Here we think he has been tempted into a paradox. In so far as he holds with Professor Bain against Mr. G. H. Lewes and others (we doubt, though Mr. Shute apparently does not, whether it is really against J. S. Mill) that the uniformity of nature is not capable of logical proof, we are at one with him. But the uniformity of nature is nevertheless quite intelligible as a practical assumption. It is in one sense unmeaning to say that the same conditions always give the same results, because the conditions are, in truth, never exactly the same. But it is not unmeaning to say that like results always give like conditions; that, so far as the conditions in any two cases are similar, just so far will the results be similar. This is an assumption which everybody makes in a rough way for his own dealings with the external world. The assumption has to receive a wider and wider extension in proportion to the increase of knowledge; and when we come to see that we must extend it without limit, we express it in a general form, and call it the law of uniformity. It is quite true that we have no logical "right to assert" "that such a uniformity will always continue, or that it will continue beyond to-day." We make the assertion because we cannot get on without it, and Nature, being in fact uniform, is justified of her children. At all events, we know not by what right Mr. Shute asserts, in any sense relevant to this question, that at certain times Nature "takes great leaps." He goes on to say (in effect) that the supposed axiom, "The Future resembles the Past," is only a statement in objective terms of the subjective fact that our expectations at any time are framed on our experience down to that time. To this we have no objection, and we could almost take for granted the ingenious discussion with which he fortifies this position, and in which he maintains that the idea of a future event is nothing else than the conjunction of certain ideas already given in experience with a confused notion of duration; whereas in the idea of a past event there is a distinct notion of duration, and in a general proposition duration is eliminated altogether.

Mr. Shute next treats separately of the manner in which we came to form the conception of cause and effect. He criticizes Hume's reduction of the process to mere habit, and, having found it unsatisfactory, adopts the *animistic* theory, which Hume, not having before him what we now know about primitive beliefs, did not sufficiently consider. The modern philosopher's law of causation is a legacy from the mysterious, capricious, and spirit-haunted universe of the savage:—

When this belief in the existence of spirits in each individual thing was universal, every change was definitely and directly attributed to the action of some will or spirit, either within the thing changed, or external to it. Now man being only directly conscious of the action of his own will over his limbs, and knowing that in every case of such action there intervened between the will and the motion a sensation of effort, naturally assumed an exact similarity in the mode of action of the "spirits" of other things, which were in fact mere reflected images of his own, and thus blended the notion of conscious effort with those of will and change to form his whole complex notion of cause, that is (as he represented it to himself) of the action of Spirit in the Universe productive of Change.

These beliefs are dead or dying, but the habits of thought and

* A Discourse on Truth. By Richard Shute, M.A., Senior Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

language engendered by them survive. "Our whole notion of Causation is now one vast metaphor."

An extremely ingenious chapter deals with the principles of induction. The argument will hardly bear condensing, but one of the leading ideas is that what we call the discovery of remoter causes by induction is really a process by which we assign some certain thing as a link to bind together in thought several different things that are causes (in the popular sense) of the same phenomenon. The thing so assigned is then called (in an artificial sense) the cause of the phenomenon from which we started. The practical warrant for the general assumption of uniformity (which we missed in the foregoing chapter) comes in here as a passing remark, and the conclusion is, as any one who has followed Mr. Shute so far will now expect, that induction cannot give absolutely certain knowledge. Deduction, on the other hand, and even the much-vexed syllogism, are rather handsomely treated; J. S. Mill's doctrine that a syllogism contains no real inference is disputed, and it is maintained that, although deduction in the syllogistic form can seldom, if ever, increase our general stock of knowledge, it may often practically increase the knowledge of the person who uses it. It is all very well to say that the conclusion is "potentially" in the major premiss, but "potential knowledge is actual ignorance." As to the universal form of the major premiss, it no doubt involves—not, as some say, the actual conclusion, but—"the intention of expecting like results in similar cases." This is the really universal element which the mind adds to particulars to make inference possible. And, as a matter of fact, we do reason through universals, being unable to remember the multitude of particulars.

Under the head of "the Matter of Thought" we find an essay on the process of thinking in articulate words, which is remarkable both for its reasoning and for its imagination. It is an obvious fact that a waking man—a civilized man at least—is almost always thinking more or less, and, with rare exceptions, thinking in words. Philosophers have said that thinking and reasoning in words is dangerous, and that we ought to think in the mental images represented by the words. Mr. Shute maintains, on the contrary, that "this substitution of ideas of words for other mental images as the material of thought is part of the great process of the advance of civilization and the fitting of man for his circumstances." The argument is, in brief, that the gain in speed far outweighs the loss in certainty. We conduct reasoning with words as we conduct an algebraical calculation with symbols, and do not stop to translate the symbols until we have worked out the result. This imposes on us a duty of care in choosing and handling our symbols which is unknown to people in a ruder state, who work, as one may say, with palpable ideas. But this is simply the law of all civilized life. All complex instruments have their dangers. A counterfeit sovereign may be put off on us, but hardly a counterfeit ox; yet nobody doubts that coins are better on the whole than cattle as a medium of exchange. Or, as Mr. Shute himself says, we choose to travel by the railway rather than by canal, notwithstanding the greater chance of accidents on the railway. Mr. Shute indicates some of the results of this line of thought, which is still almost unworked. The man of imaginative temper who thinks in concrete images, and is thus able to communicate vivid impressions to others, is by that very faculty "inapt for severe reasoning, and still more for rapid argument"; hence it is not surprising that men of artistic or poetic genius should often appear to be wanting in the sterner qualities of intellectual energy. Finally it is suggested that the acceleration of thought may be still further developed. Our descendants may arrive at a kind of mental shorthand by thinking in terms of *visible written words*, instead of thinking as we now do in terms of *articulate spoken words*—a practice for which the habit of much and quick reading is preparing the way. One thing strikes us as unpleasant in this Utopian vision; if readers were to give up the habit of mentally translating the visible words of the book into audible words, style would come to an end and poetry be impossible. Or what if, between developed symbolic thought and some kind of vastly improved portable type-writer, mankind were to abandon articulate speech altogether?

We have no space left for any account of the last chapter, which deals with "Necessary Truths," and herein of the idea of number, and is in no way inferior to its predecessors. But the reader may gather from what we have already said a sufficient notion of Mr. Shute's general method and manner. The friends of the English school of philosophy will not be slow to welcome him, and its enemies will not be wise if they neglect him.

THE RAJA OF SARAWAK.*

THAT all Englishmen who set a value upon the energy and enterprise of their countrymen should possess a permanent record of Raja Brooke is quite right and proper, and the author of these two volumes has had ample materials, in the shape of letters and journals, to enable her to discharge fully a task which was originally undertaken by Mr. Templer, an intimate friend of the Raja, but which devolved on her at Mr. Templer's death. We learn from the preface that Miss Jacob has recast nearly the whole of the life as originally written by Mr. Templer. We cannot honestly say that the result is very happy. The two volumes

might have been compressed into one. There is a vast amount of reiteration, and now and then a gush of twaddle. Several outbursts of vehemence ought to have been suppressed, and there are whole passages which the Raja, unless we do him injustice, would himself have cancelled on sober reflection. It will no doubt be urged that this memoir purports to represent Brooke faithfully as he thought and wrote, planned and acted, harangued the Foreign Office, and sank piratical crews. But this could have been done by compression, method, and analysis, and with some regard to proportion. The book is accurate, and shows marks of conscientiousness and care. But, though there is a tolerable index, there is neither heading to chapters nor table of contents, and we have had unnecessary trouble in extracting from seven hundred pages the following summary of the Raja's career.

The father of James Brooke was Mr. Thomas Brooke, a Bengal civilian, who went to India in 1779, and who was second Judge of the Court of Appeal at Benares—though Miss Jacob does not tell us this—where his famous son was born in 1803. The father must not be confounded with a certain Augustus Brooke of the same service, about whom and his odd ways, at this very station Benares, and his connexion with a native lady to whom he was always faithful, there are stories current in Anglo-Indian society to this day. Young Brooke was kept in India unusually long, and when sent home at the age of twelve, he was placed at Mr. Valpy's school at Norwich, from which he eventually ran away, with some vague idea, it appears, of going to sea. However, at the age of sixteen he received a commission in the Bengal Infantry, and saw some service in the first Burmese war on the frontiers of Assam. Indeed he got a nasty wound from a slug, which sent him home on sick leave. Here he remained for nearly five years, during which the bullet was extracted, not without difficulty, and his health was finally restored. But there was a stringent military rule, equally applicable to all the East Indian services, that no man could remain absent from India more than five years without forfeiting his commission. The ship in which Brooke was returning made, even for those times, an unusually long passage; and, though it seems to us tolerably clear that, under the peculiar circumstances, the Court of Directors, who had been applied to by the father, would not have rigorously enforced the rule in question, Brooke, with characteristic impetuosity, resigned the service then and there and went straight back to England. This was the turning point in his life. This abrupt termination of an Indian career suggests the thought that Brooke, had he stuck to his profession, would probably have left his mark on India. There was ample room for a man of his talents, either as a dashing commander of irregular horse, or as a diplomatist in the Afghan troubles, or as a Resident at some native Court, and the effect of discipline and subordination on his impulsive temperament would have been both bracing and wholesome. We should have lost, of course, Sarawak; and that episode, which is unique in the nineteenth century, takes us back to Raleigh and Drake.

For the next five years Brooke seems to have led a restless, speculative sort of life. In fact he was always at boiling point, and never happy unless writing essays and forming plans. At one time he wrote a pamphlet, as an enemy to Radicals, answering one on Reform. Then he had thoughts of getting into Parliament; but this fancy was exchanged for an idea that he should like to turn farmer in New Holland, and explore an unknown country. Both then, and in later days, when fully occupied with governing his strange subjects and defying his adversaries, he employed himself at odd times in writing against the Pope, in cutting up the famous No. 90 of the *Oxford Tracts for the Times*, or in pouring out his grievances to some friend. At length his doubts and his difficulties, his cruises in the Mediterranean, his hazy notions of trading in a brig of his own to China, or of getting employed as an attaché abroad or in some Government office, were all ended by his father's death, which event gave him command of 30,000*l.* Old Mr. Brooke, by the way, had saved money, as civilians could do in those happy days; and he seems to have been an acute and not injudicious father from what little we see of him; for when his son was in the habit of abusing the East India Company—why, it is not very easy to see—and of asking his father for money wherewith to combine discovery and speculation, the old man checked him sarcastically with an intimation that the military service of the Court of Directors, had he stuck to it, was better than trade, and might have led him to distinction. But the die was cast. Master of a good round sum of money, and free to follow his own fancies, he bought a yacht named the *Royalist*, and, at the close of 1838 started for Borneo with the fixed idea of counteracting the policy of the Dutch in the Eastern Archipelago, civilizing the wild tribes of the island, extending British influence, and gaining such a footing as would be attended with commercial and political advantages of no ordinary kind. It is fair to state that this plan seems to have been well thought out, to be less impracticable than others, and to reflect the better parts of his character—earnestness, vigour, resolution, and some adaptation of ends to means. Possibly without knowing it, Brooke had taken a leaf out of the book of his old masters, the much-abused Directors; for he saw that without some territory, and a strong Government to back it, such commercial enterprises would never succeed.

In August 1839 he landed at Kuching, the capital of Sarawak, and was very well received by Muda Hassim, the ruler. At this part of the memoir, Brooke's letters and journals, his impressions of men and manners, his descriptions of unknown rivers and

* *The Raja of Sarawak. An Account of Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., L.L.D., given chiefly through Letters and Journals.* By Gertrude L. Jacob. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

unexplored jungles, his tact in overcoming difficulties, and the influence he gradually obtained over the minds of nobles and people—carry one on without any feeling of tedium. We gather too that, whether from consciousness of inability to govern, or from the charm of Brooke's manner, or from fear of the Dyaks, Muda Hassim himself was really content to make over the government and the trade of the country to the white-faced adventurer. There were rebels to be put down and pirates to be taught a severe lesson, and Brooke was just the man for this crisis. So, after a good deal of desultory fighting and diplomatic discussion, Muda Hassim formally made over his kingdom of Sarawak to its new master, and eventually procured the assent of his suzerain, the Sultan, to the transfer. Muda Hassim seems by no means to have been immaculate. The Government is described as tyrannical and oppressive, and he seems at one time to have half repented of his agreement, though this hardly warrants the charges of perfidy and ingratitude which Brooke vents against him in his journal. The plain truth is that he coveted the country, though his main object was not selfish aggrandizement, but the suppression of robbery, murder, and slavery. A native nobleman, named Makota, termed in the journal "a mild and gentlemanly rascal," who had been at the head of the army, gave considerable trouble; but, by September 1841, the Englishman had triumphed and the new reign began. From this point the memoir is taken up with Brooke's attempts to collect the revenue, to administer a simple code of laws, to teach the natives the rudiments of civilization, and to put down the atrocities of two tribes of Dyaks, known as those of Sarebus and Sakarran. All this is very animating and instructive, especially when we are told that Brooke trusted entirely to native agency, and had only four Europeans to help him. The effect of the narrative is occasionally spoiled by extravagance of thought and expression, and by Brooke's almost childish anxiety to be knighted; and we think he was wholly mistaken in supposing that any such title would carry weight with the native mind. However, the details of his private and public life, his revenue of 6,000*l.* a year, his farmyard and his live pets, his palace and his country seats, his letters home showing that domestic affections had not lost their hold on him, his expeditions against the strongholds of pirates, in company with Captain, now Sir, H. Keppel, in the *Dido*; the confirmation of his chieftainship at the hands of the Sultan of Brunei, or Borneo, in August 1842; his dinners in public and his At-Homes to natives, his regatta on New Year's Day—all these are characteristic, and prove that he led a happy, useful, and in some points an ennobling life. In the year 1846 a sad calamity befell. Muda Hassim and his brother Badaruddin, a brave and faithful adherent of Brooke's, were massacred by the orders of the Sultan; and this event seems to have inspired the Raja with additional desire to obtain a formal recognition at the hands of the English Government. The summary punishment of the Sultan and his followers ensued, and then came the occupation of the island of Labuan, a measure which was approved of by Lord Palmerston, at that time Foreign Secretary. The Dutch Government here interposed, and endeavoured to show that Brooke's proceedings were inconsistent with the treaty of 1824, but they were most properly met by Lord Aberdeen; and, in the summer of 1847, Brooke, now in the full tide of prosperity, visited England, and found himself the object of universal admiration and honour. He was received at Windsor. He was made a K.C.B. His old schoolfellows formed at Norwich a club of which he was made President. He spoke at dinners and meetings; he was admitted to clubs and literary institutions; he received the freedom of the city; and, in short, just thirty years ago, he was pounced upon as a lion by all classes of society.

In the beginning of 1848 Brooke, surfeited with applause and flattery, which, to do him justice, does not appear to have vitiated his character, returned to the East, holding the double office of Governor of Labuan and Consul-General of Borneo. Previously he had only been acknowledged as Commissioner to the Native States. He took with him his sister's son, who assumed the name of Brooke besides his own of Johnson, and his return was followed by a grand attack on a fleet of pirates, in which vessels of war of H.M.'s navy, aided by a steamer of the Indian Government and by the war-boats of friendly *Datus* made havoc of these sea-robbers. But now came a turn in the tide of success. Brooke had an agent, a Mr. Henry Wise, with whom he quarrelled about some mines of antimony. Wise wrote to the Prime Minister, then Lord John Russell, expressing abhorrence of the treatment of pirates. It was just the kind of letter that might have been written last autumn; other men took up the matter, and on this an attack was made on Brooke by Hume and Cobden in the House of Commons. This part of the memoir, we must confess, becomes extremely wearisome and makes very large demands on our toleration. There was room here for a skilfully condensed account of the main charges against Brooke, of the spirit in which they were met, and of the course taken by the Government of the day. Instead of this, we have official letters, snatches of debates, legal opinions, violent explosions from Brooke himself, a semi-medical narrative of his attack of small-pox and of medicines administered while it lasted, lists of witnesses, letters to friends. The whole is neither well digested nor well arranged. To cut the matter short, the Foreign Office addressed the Board of Control, and Sir Charles Wood, then its President, wrote to the Governor-General, whereupon Lord Dalhousie appointed two Commissioners of Inquiry, the late Charles Prinsep, then Advocate-General of Bengal, and the Hon. H. B. Devereux of the Bengal Civil Service.

The proceedings of the Commissioners, who did their duty with impartiality, may very soon be told. A terrible petition, full of charges against Brooke, his cruelty, his selfishness, and so forth, numerous signed, had been forwarded from Singapore; and it was very naturally thought that many persons would be found to come forward and substantiate their accusations before a Commission sitting on the spot. Nothing of the kind occurred, and a local editor, one of Brooke's chief antagonists, had the coolness to propose that the Commissioners themselves should frame charges and hunt up evidence. Of course after this the thing collapsed. Some people who had signed the petition backed out of it, or said that they merely wished an inquiry to be held in order to clear character and get at the truth; evidence as to the misdeeds of the pirates was overwhelming, showing that greater miscreants never hoisted the black flag; and the practical issue of the Commission was to scatter Brooke's opponents, and to confirm the opinion of his proceedings from which well-informed and capable judges, in the Straits and elsewhere, had really never wavered. But the Commission brought out an anomaly in the Raja's position which he himself could not be got to recognize. Brooke had acquired Sarawak as a private person, and had then received, in virtue of that acquisition, an appointment from the Crown. He appears to have thought himself ill used because he could not combine complete independence with power to call to his aid the whole resources and authority of the English Government. In short, from his language, he wanted to be a benevolent autocrat, backed by all the moral and material forces of England whenever he might be hard pressed. It is somewhat amusing to find the Raja, after pages of wholesale and impetuous denunciation of the Government, beginning to suspect that after all his position was not quite so clear as he had thought it, and asking for some works on constitutional history. It requires very little knowledge of international law to see that all kinds of complications might easily arise from any tacit concession of the Raja's claim to independence, and that it would be a most serious thing for the Government of the country to find itself committed to action every time a splendid adventurer succeeded in getting a jingly island or a large slice of territory from some incompetent native chief. The cession of the Fiji Islands to the Imperial Government is one thing. The transfer of Sarawak from Muda Hassim to Muda Brooke is quite another, and involves all sorts of contradictions and anomalies.

We must not forget that this memoir gives prominence to the opinion of the legal member of the Commission, that Brooke, in lending himself to actions against undoubted pirates, had not been wholly able to prevent certain atrocities on the part of his own allies. But the general verdict of the community endorsed the real result of the Commission, and honourably acquitted Brooke. The Foreign Office, with Lord Clarendon at its head, expressed a guarded approval, and the opportunity was taken to relieve the Raja of his appointment as Consul-General and Commissioner. Brooke seems to have been very sore on this point, but by the loss of these appointments he really stood on less equivocal ground. His letters to "Dear Jack" about this time are full of petulance and wild declamation, and are neither becoming nor dignified, after every allowance is made for the feelings of a brave and honourable man smarting under what he deemed unmerited insult. But worse was in store for him than the attacks of local editors or the speeches of philanthropic members of Parliament. A Chinese colony of gold-workers, instigated possibly by the proceedings of Commissioner Yeh, rose in rebellion, massacred several Englishmen, burnt the palace, and drove Brooke to the jungles. However, order was soon restored, and the Chinese were severely punished; but Brooke's work was done. In 1858 he went home to find that the tide had again turned in his favour. Subscriptions were got up to reimburse him for his losses; friends rallied round him, and the press bore testimony to the soundness of his measures and the good effect of his rule. The rest of his career is rather sad. He was struck with paralysis in October 1858, and though he partly rallied from the attack and was enabled to visit the East again, the old fires were extinguished. Finally he settled in Devonshire, where he enjoyed beautiful scenery and the friendship and esteem of friends, till he quietly passed away in June 1868.

Readers of these volumes will have little difficulty in drawing that "general summary of his character," and in estimating the "importance of his work," which the editor expressly declines to attempt. That Brooke was a man of noble impulses, generous feelings, and chivalrous self-denial; that he possessed exactly those qualities which hold fierce savages in awe, or win them over to better ways; that his chief motive in life was not aggrandizement or love of money; and that in all his writings and actions there was nothing cruel, sordid, or mean, will, we think, be conceded by all the readers of this biography. He made many friends, though he did not always retain them, and no one can wonder at the high place assigned to him in his regard by Charles Kingsley. But, to speak plainly, Brooke was intolerant of opposition, and little disposed to make any allowance for others; and there are occasional flashes in his temperament which show that he must have been difficult to deal with, unless he had entirely his own way. But, though hot and impatient, he was never rancorous or vindictive, and our notice of these blemishes in his character must not prevent us from paying a cordial tribute to the purity of his motives, and from acknowledging the lustre shed by his unassisted efforts on the national character and the British name.

ARNOLD'S LAST ESSAYS ON CHURCH AND RELIGION.*

IF Bishop Butler had written an *opus magnum* when he was fifty-four years of age, it would have been, if not "entirely satisfactory" to Mr. Matthew Arnold, at least more nearly so, and therefore more nearly within the field of vision permitted to modern culture, than either the *Analogy*, which was written at forty-four, or the *Sermons at the Rolls*, which were published ten years earlier still, and which were preached during the eight years when University tutors and lecturers are for the most part supposed, as the chronology-books have it, to "flourish"—"between the twenty-sixth year of his life and the thirty-fourth"; an age at which "the man is hardly ripe for" "attempting a highly systematic, intricate theory of human nature and morals," and, if he does attempt it, it cannot well be satisfactory." At thirty-four "the man" is not mellow; he is only about half-ripe, but just in the condition when young people, fearless for teeth and digestion alike, pluck and taste him eagerly; exactly ripe enough, in fact, to become a Professor of Poetry, but not matured sufficiently for *Last Essays on Church and Religion*. To attempt a "systematic theory" on high subjects such as these, a man must be, as we gather from Mr. Arnold himself, exactly fifty-four; although whether the "attempt" made at this "more mature age" would have been "entirely satisfactory" to Bishop Butler we should hesitate to affirm. Nor is there any necessity, to form an opinion on the point; for, in the first place, Bishop Butler has been dead a very long time, and, as a second and far more melancholy thought, the *Zeit-Geist* has got hold of him, and has been making terrible work with his remains. Our own earlier days received reiterated assurances from the University pulpit that these remains were "immortal"; but then the "Doctors, Proctors, and all Heads and Governors of Colleges and Halls" had been too short-sighted to mark the advancing form of the *Zeit-Geist*, who was drawing near all the while, like the monster in the *Shepherd of Hermas*, hidden in a cloud of dust, but with a rush *ὡς τὸ δυνάσθαι αὐτὸ πάλιν λυγῶναι* before which even Oxford must go down. With the help of Hermas and of the "Dragon of Wantley" it may be possible to form some faint conception of this appalling German visitant. He reaches Oxford. He sees the *Analogy* somewhere in the Schools; he "breathes upon it, and we rub our eyes"—or Mr. Arnold rubs them for us—the *Analogy* "has the spell and power no longer"; it "is a failure, it does not serve." Fortunately, however, the Time-Spirit has not quite scorched it up, and there is still a good deal left both of *Analogy* and *Sermons* for the essayist to quote and to expound.

Although Mr. Arnold's modesty has prevented him from describing his literary attempt as an *opus magnum*, he does offer it to our notice as an *opus supremum*; and in this we must frankly say—even at the risk of the *Zeit-Geist* being let loose and set upon us—he is just a little irritating. "For the last time," the author anxiously impresses on the world, he is speaking on the questions of which here he treats. These are "Last Essays"; "the present volume closes the series." If the world will hear him at all, it must be now or never. "What I wished to say has been said." This is very solemn and impressive, no doubt; but yet one is not impressed. Last words have their times and seasons, when they may be fitly spoken and when they are heard with respect. They are an acknowledged privilege of the very old. Even at earlier periods of life occasion may have rendered a last speech conventional or customary; as when life was to be yielded, in ancient time on the altar of patriotism, in modern experience to the claims of justice. Special or local circumstances, too, may call for a special or local farewell; but this sounding valediction by a middle-aged essayist, what is it all about? A course of lectures may come to an end because the subject is exhausted; the history of a special art brought down to the present time, or the available materials for a biography all set in order. But *Last Essays on Church and Religion*, as a title, is apt to suggest the question, Who is this Seraphic Doctor, that he should solemnly shut the doors of the Divinity School in our sight, and put the key in his pocket? We do not justify this dissatisfied and resentful frame of mind. On the contrary, we are disposed to apply, and to carry to its legitimate conclusion, the axiom of Butler, of which the author more than once reminds us—"Things are what they are." These "Last Essays" "are what they are"; and, being so, we are glad to hear that they are the last, and we hope that they will so prove. They are four in number, and the last of them, in which the writer does "really take leave of the question of Church and Dissent, as I promised," leaves the reader as he turns its closing pages in much perplexity of mind. Even on so dismal a subject as the Burials Bill one looks for some sweetness and light, and for an atmosphere of "grace and peace," from the matured apostle of culture. Mr. Arnold does not appreciate Dissenters very much, and does not find even the Bishops and clergy "entirely satisfactory." Indeed at times he may almost seem to have gazed Lord Byron's eminence of social impartiality, and to "hate most people and dislike the rest"; but his "sweet reasonableness" must surely accompany him even to this point of view. He will not hear of the Dissenters having their way about burials; they have no right to ask for it, and there is an end of the matter. The clergy are not to have their way either; the "unbaptized" rubric must go, because St. Paul was "not sent to baptize" as a matter of fact, whatever may have been the reason which

the Apostle alleges in explanation, to which it is apparently needless to refer. This is all natural enough; but some of Mr. Arnold's Dissenters get harder measure at his hands than they could fairly expect. We shall not be suspected of any undue admiration for the type of political Dissenter which flourishes at Birmingham. In an article some time since we took occasion to disclaim the allegiance which the hardware metropolis demands as its due from all the realm of human thought; but though we cannot allow that the sanctities of Delphi or the grandeur of Rome find their renewal in that electro-plated shrine, its political priesthood are our fellow-creatures still. "Mr. Dale" may be "really a pugilist, a brilliant pugilist," and may have "his arena down at Birmingham, where he does his practice with Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Jesse Collings, and the rest of his band." But "Mr. John Morley" is neither a Birmingham man nor a pugilist. He "is a lover of culture, and of elevation," and of we know not how many graces and cardinal virtues besides. "Scio, rex Agrippa, quia credis," cries the modern St. Paul, with affectionate energy; but, alas! with an afterthought of pain—"He is keeping company with his Festus Chamberlain and his Drusilla Collings, and cannot openly avow the truth; but in his heart he consents to it." This is very eloquent, yet the reader is perplexed. Has the *Zeit-Geist* been breathing on the Acts of the Apostles? Or is Mr. Arnold quoting from some Unauthorized Version known at present only to himself? In either case Mr. Jesse Collings is a hardly-used man. Drusilla was certainly a model of female beauty, but history does not say as much for her reputation; and what in the world she has to do either with poor Mr. Collings or with Festus we have not the remotest idea. Perhaps Mr. Arnold's historical intuition has discovered that "when Festus came into Felix' room" the lady chose to worship the rising sun; but as in that event she must have deserted two husbands instead of one, the hardship on Mr. Collings is greater than ever. He may, however, derive some consolation from the reflection that Mr. Arnold's historical parallels, thrown off by the way, are not likely to be more clear to the popular intelligence than the "Psychological Parallel" to which he has devoted so large a portion of his "Last Essays."

Under this title we have the first and most important of the four Essays, which proposes for its immediate aim the rehabilitation of St. Paul. As yet the *Zeit-Geist* does not seem to have fastened on "the great Apostle of the Gentiles," possibly from a prudent remembrance of the fate of another "beast" which did; but there is no knowing what may happen, and St. Paul is suspiciously mixed up with that "traditional religion" which is "obsolete" already, "and will not, in fact, hold out long." Mr. Arnold means to save St. Paul if he can. He was a good deal "mistaken" on various points, "undeniably"; but really he was not "an imbecile and credulous enthusiast, and an unprofitable guide," if we will only make reasonable allowances for him. "The miracles of our traditional religion, like other miracles, did not happen." St. Paul "entertained the belief" that they, or at least some of them, did happen; but that is very easily explained by the help of a "psychological parallel," and we do not quite wish to part company with St. Paul. "His writings are in every one's hands. I have myself discussed his doctrine at length." St. Paul might perhaps prove somewhat hard to get rid of, even in the Church of England as by Mr. Arnold established, and proclaimed by anticipation to the London clergy in the Hall of Sion College. And it is but common justice to the author to acknowledge his evident and deep reverence for St. Paul, as shown throughout the long "discussion of his doctrine" in *St. Paul and Protestantism*. If the "Psychological Parallel," as it stands, be something beside the mark, at least it provides a line of defence which may be urged in behalf of its draftsman. He is, let us suppose, "undeniably mistaken"; but a charitable hypothesis will readily excuse the mistakes. What the "parallel" of the Essay really is after the closest examination we have failed to discover. There may be two parallels; or there may be none at all; the "psychological" problem is too deep. But it appears that Sir Matthew Hale condemned two old women to death for witchcraft; and that one John Smith, a Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, who died at the "hardly ripe" age of thirty-four, "was required," in obedience to a custom of his College, "to preach, on one Lady-day about 1649, 'at Huntingdon, a sermon against witchcraft and diabolical contracts.'" Sir Matthew Hale believed in witchcraft; of the existence of witches "he made no doubt at all." The Fellow of Queen's, if he shared the belief of the Judge, so far contrived to qualify its expression, that he receives great praise from Mr. Arnold for "confuting" it. "O fortunate Huntingdon Church, which admitted for even one day such a counterblast to doctrines then sounding from every pulpit, and still enjoined by Sir Robert Phillimore!" As Sir Robert Phillimore does not, so far as we know, enjoin the doctrine of witchcraft, the "parallel," if there be one, would appear to be somewhat as follows:—Because Sir Matthew Hale believed in the existence of witches, and because a Fellow of Queen's did not believe something which Sir Robert Phillimore now enjoins, therefore St. Paul cannot be characterized as an imbecile and credulous enthusiast for "believing in the miracle of the Resurrection, both of" that which Easter commemorates "and of mankind at large." At this point we pause; for our criticism does not enter within the boundaries thus reached.

The Church of the future, not neglecting the study of the *Beehive*, will be allowed, and even recommended, to read the Bible. Its contents are indeed, to a large extent, "poetry"; there is also

* *Last Essays on Church and Religion*. By Matthew Arnold, formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel College. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1877.

a considerable deposit of, let us say, "tradition"; but it enshrines a good deal of "natural truth" as well; and "finely-touched souls have a presentiment of a thing's natural truth, even though it be questioned," and be as yet only "expecting the testimony from experience to its intrinsic truth and weight," as just now happens to be the case with one of "the two great Christian virtues, chastity." "As a mere commandment this virtue cannot have the authority which it once had"; still, provisionally and for the present, the Seventh Commandment may supply the want of "proof by experience." One book, however, "is full of interest, and every one should read it." It is one of the quarries from which much of the material of the New Testament was hewn, and belongs to "the later decades" of the same second century B.C. in whose "earlier decades" "the Book of Daniel was written." This is the Book of Enoch; and, as every one ought to read it, Mr. Arnold has kindly acted as our guide to the fulfilment of so plain a duty. "The Hebrew original and the Greek version, as is well known, are lost"; but "an Æthiopic manuscript was brought to this country by Bruce," and "there is an excellent German version." Archbishop Laurence translated it into English, but his "English version cannot be trusted," and therefore of course ought not to be read. Every one knows how the Curator of the Museum containing Balaam's sword disposed of the captious objection that Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one; "this is the very sword he wished for." In like manner, the version of the Book of Enoch which "every one should read" is "the book correctly in English," which, Mr. Arnold writes, "I wish that the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who is, I believe, an Æthiopic scholar, would give us." It would enable us to understand the "employment"—not by St. Paul—of "contemporaries' ready-made notions of hell and judgment, as sanctions of the doctrine declared."

We are told by scientific English corn-growers, who are also consumers, that they get better bread by purchasing flour from their millers than by having their own wheat ground. The miller knows how to mix judiciously grain from the four quarters of the globe. Mr. Arnold, in like manner, has a method of rendering the material of the Evangelists more wholesome than it can be in its ordinary form, and provides us—as a specimen, we suppose—with three pages and a half of mixed Gospels, by which we may "enable ourselves" to understand the original meaning of teachings which the "disciples came with ease to mistake." To these we are, of course, unable more particularly to refer; but the preface with which the compiler introduces "the series" is deserving of study. "For fear," he writes, "this essay should seem to want due balance, let me end with what a man who writes it down for himself, and meditates on it, and entitles it Christ's religion, will not, perhaps, go far wrong." The old Eton Grammar taught us, "Aliquando oratio est verbo nominativus," and the illustrating example must have been quite to Mr. Arnold's heart. He is a little given himself to illustrate the rule in his own writings, and occasionally uses an "oratio" where less cultured folk are content with a traditional monosyllable; but the rule, however valuable, scarcely supersedes all the remaining canons of customary syntax. In one respect the mixed Evangelistic food which the writer thus commends to us suggests an encouraging hope. If the prophets of the new light go on as they are promising to do, we shall have a very orthodox joint-stock *summa theologiæ* in time. To one recent and well-known work of this school "traditional Christianity" is indebted for an elaborate and convincing proof of the apostolic authorship of the Apocalypse of St. John, which has been much questioned of late. But to no one point does "tradition" more closely cling, and in no one respect are her "notions" more usually set aside as "obsolete" by her new teachers, than where she rests on the genuineness and authority of what it is now the fashion to describe as "the fourth Gospel"—a sort of "religious drama," we have been told, very excellent as poetry, but of unknown date, and embodying the devout imagination of a later theology in phrases which must have been foreign to the thought of an unlettered Galilean fisherman. Mr. Arnold's series of "well-known sayings" held by him to be unquestionably genuine consists, as to more than half of the entire collection, of extracts from the Gospel of St. John. He has told us that one of his foreign critics "objects to his picking and choosing among the records" of the Gospel; and to such "picking and choosing" as this the Continental liberalism which he describes as profoundly hostile to Christianity may very naturally object. At fifty-four a man of matured mind and ordinary health has a good prospect of life before him; and in that time Mr. Arnold will probably learn that mistakes in popular religion may easily be accounted for without charging them upon the Evangelical and Apostolic records, while he will only become more assuredly convinced of the truth, both natural and traditional, of the principle on which he insists, "Christianity will find the ways for its own future. What is certain is that it will not disappear."

THE HOLBEIN SOCIETY.*

THE object of this Society is to reproduce in exact form and style early printed books which engaged in their illustration the skill of distinguished engravers. Some of these works,

such as *The Dance of Death*, are identified with the genius of Holbein, a representative artist who not inappropriately gives his name to the Society. But Mr. Wornum, in his *Life of the painter of Basel*, does his utmost to shake the commonly accredited connexion between Holbein and *The Dance of Death*. As to the celebrated wall-paintings illustrative of the weird dance, they are now by pretty general consent assigned to other hands. And as for the no less remarkable series of woodcuts, of which an all but complete set is in the British Museum, doubts are entertained as to who was the engraver; but as to the original designs, even Mr. Wornum "cannot but believe" that they are by Holbein; "they bear," he says, "in their vigour and dignity an internal evidence of the master's hand." Mr. Wornum dedicates the *Life of Holbein* "to my friend John Ruskin," who in his lectures as Slade Professor maintains that the old wood-engravers were so much of artists and so completely masters of "the general system of intelligent manipulation," "that it is impossible to say of any standard old woodcut whether the draughtsman engraved it himself or not. I should imagine," continues Mr. Ruskin, "from the character and subtlety of the touch, that every line of the 'Dance of Death' had been engraved by Holbein; we know it was not, and that there can be no certainty given by even the finest pieces of wood execution of anything more than perfect harmony between the designer and workman." The polemics on these moot points cover a considerable surface, and the authorities are so divided that the Society may be allowed to indulge in the opinion "that Holbein, from his early youth in 1511, when he was only thirteen years of age, was famed for the excellence of his engravings on wood; and though as a painter, especially during his residence in England, which began in 1526, he gained a far higher renown, increasing until his death in 1554, his name may very appropriately be assumed by a Society that aims at reproducing, in exact form and style, some of his more beautiful works." In fixing on a name for this well-meaning Association, the choice must have lain between Holbein and Dürer. The claims of Holbein rest on a "sum total of about three hundred and fifteen pieces and perhaps twenty alphabets." In the comparison almost inevitably provoked between the two leading artists of Southern Germany, Woltmann pronounces the verdict that "the only man in German art who has reached true perfection of form is Holbein, and Holbein alone." This opinion, which cannot, however, be received as dogmatically infallible, may be satisfactory to "the Holbein Society."

The scheme of the Society is not ill conceived. The idea was to issue at a reasonable cost to members and the outside public a series of photo-lithographic reprints, accompanied by explanatory notes, of rare volumes in which literature and art are combined. The Council considered themselves fortunate in obtaining for several of their facsimile reproductions the assistance, as literary editor, of the Rev. Henry Green, who conducted the facsimile reprint of Whitney's "Emblems." Objection has with reason been taken to the blurred lines, to the faint, and sometimes black, printing of the illustrations published by the Holbein Society. These defects, however, seem in some degree inevitable; and it is urged in the preface to *The Mirror of Maiestic; or the Badges of Honour Conceitedly Emblazoned*, that "the Photolith Plates annexed for illustration supply good examples of the proper office of the Photographer, as an artist, in facsimile reprints. The Arms and Emblems of this work, as well as the letterpress, were, when first published in 1618, of defective execution, without finish in the woodcuts, and without sharpness or shapeliness in the type. Such faults might be urged as reasons for not reproducing the volume; but then its extreme rarity, and the nature of its contents, plead in behalf of making the possession of a copy attainable at a moderate price." The value of the boon conferred upon students may be inferred from the fact that the original copy from which these facsimile reproductions were taken realized on sale by auction the high price of 36*l*. The practice of the Council has been, first, to search out the best extant exemplars of any work, and then to set the photographer to exercise his utmost skill in honestly making a truthful reproduction. It might have been easy by the hands of skilled engravers to improve on the original woodcut, and by the general appliances of modern art to elaborate a finished picture; but the Holbein Society, unlike the Arundel Society, hold that in a facsimile copy absolute fidelity to the original is the first thing to be thought of. The utmost license allowed has been to restore lines and borders, where evidently broken, to their first estate; and for the purpose of filling in such blank spaces several exemplars are collated so that the defects of one may be supplied by the excellences of others. With these replica originals the photo-lithographic transcripts are closely compared, and unless the workmanship be found up to the mark "other proofs are taken before the editors give forth the imprimatur." We are asked then to accept shortcomings and comparative failures, which seldom, however, materially interfere with the intelligibility of the subjects, as evidence of honesty. Mr. Alfred Aspland, the present literary editor of the Society, has been engaged on the *Golden Legend*; he proposed to reproduce the plates from the fine German edition, and to give a chapter or two as an appendix from Caxton's book. A recent announcement indicates some change in the first intention. The reproduction, it appears, will come out as "*Caxton's Golden Legend*," printed by Caxton in 1483, with a selection of the illustrations from the Antwerp Edition of 1505." It is stated that, as a specimen of Caxton's printing and the style of engraving on wood in his time, the work cannot fail of interest. The wood-

* *The Holbein Society's Facsimile Reprints.—The Fall of Man*, by Albrecht Altdorfer. Edited by Alfred Aspland, F.R.H.S. With an Introduction by William Bell Scott. Published for the Holbein Society, by A. Brothers, Manchester, and Trübner & Co., London. 1876.

cuts, it is hoped, can with care be fairly well reproduced by the heliographic process already employed by the Council.

The most recent publication of this persistent Society is *The Fall of Man* by Albrecht Altdorfer. The facsimile reproductions from forty designs, beginning with "Adam and Eve eating the Forbidden Fruit," and ending with "The Madonna Glorified," will scarcely escape the charge of painful indistinctness for which the process has been frequently made responsible. It may be scarcely fair to institute a comparison between this praiseworthy but not wholly successful attempt, and a small volume entitled *The Humiliation and Exaltation of our Redeemer in Thirty-two Prints, representing the Original Wood-Blocks of Albert Dürer*. The editor of these priceless materials, the Rev. John Allen, Archdeacon of Salop, and lately one of the Inspectors of Schools, issued the little book with an interesting statement. He pointed to the fact that thirty-five of the original woodcuts of Albert Dürer's "Smaller Passion" are in the Print Room of the British Museum. "From these blocks casts were taken, and type metal copies, so that, allowance being made for the dressing necessary on account of the worm-holes, the prints may be fairly said to represent the original wood blocks." "I hope," continues Mr. Allen, "that an impression of the following thirty-two prints, at the cost of a shilling, may bring thousands under the influence of one of the greatest men of his time—the friend of Erasmus and of Melancthon—speaking to us across three centuries through the universal language of his art." This preface is dated as far back as 1856, and though the twenty years intervening between that date and the present day have been singularly abundant in methods of reproduction and permanent processes of printing from photographic impressions, we know of no better results than these prints from casts taken from the original wood blocks. The misfortune, however, is that the old blocks either seldom exist or are rarely accessible for reproduction. Still we would throw out to the Holbein Society these transcripts from Dürer's "Passion" as an example worth following whenever a practicable opportunity may occur. We also recall other methods of reproduction—those, for example, employed in the sumptuous albums to M. Labarte's *Histoire des Arts industriels au Moyen-âge et à l'époque de la Renaissance*. A photo-litho process applied with signal success to the facsimile representation of an ivory of the ninth century is described as follows:—"L'ivoire a été photographié dans sa grandeur par M. Berthier, et le cliché photographique transporté sur une pierre qui n'a pas été retouchée." We regret to add that this plate, prepared and printed in Paris, has considerably faded during the twelve years it has been on our bookshelves. On the other hand it must be admitted that the prints published by the Holbein Society bear the signs of permanence.

Mr. W. B. Scott, who writes the introduction to *The Fall of Man* and to the works of the artist Albrecht Altdorfer, speaks with authority on Dürer as well as on "the Little Masters." Albrecht Altdorfer has been called by some French writers "the little Albert," because most of his works, which are somewhat in Dürer's manner, are small in scale. He was painter, engraver on copper, and designer on wood; and that he actually cut the blocks with his own hands has been admitted by good authorities; altogether Altdorfer is regarded as one of the most eminent artists that Bavaria had produced up to the beginning of the sixteenth century. His woodcuts are less than one hundred in number, his copper engravings are rather above one hundred, his drawings are rare—two, however, are in the British Museum—his pictures also are scarce; one is in the Louvre, two are in Munich, and none in England. The artist died in 1538 in Ratisbon, at the comparatively early age of fifty; unlike many of his brethren, he remained a Roman Catholic to the last.

Altdorfer belonged to the company of seven artists who went by the name of "the Little Masters of Nürnberg," an appellation suggested by the miniature proportions of their productions, which, however, within a small compass concentrated noble qualities of invention and high powers of design. This constellation of talent is supposed to have been drawn together by Dürer, who, in contradistinction to "little," may be designated the great master of Nürnberg. These artists in little, if not actually working as pupils in the studio of the master-mind, were inspired by his presence and guided by the study of his works—such as "The Melancholia," and "The Knight, Death, and the Devil." It is probable that they all came in personal contact with Dürer, "that they associated together when young men, emulating each other, and doing their earlier works in the light of friendship." In the treatment of subjects they possessed a common character different from that of Marc'Antonio and his Italian companions. Mr. Scott, in his *Life of Dürer*, reviewed in our columns, contends that the Italian engravers were exclusively copyists, while the Germans were inventors, and therefore artists in a much higher sense. In the great period in Germany engravers worked out their ideas as painters do. Again, in the illustration of the Old and the New Testaments, how great is the contrast between Germany and Italy! In Germany, where the seeds of the Reformation had taken root in many an artist mind, sacred characters assume the garb and the manners common to Nürnberg, while in Italy Biblical themes are kept at a distance from everyday life by generalized and ideal forms and semi-classic draperies. The sympathies of Mr. Scott certainly do not lie with the Italians:—

Sooner or later [he writes], I have no doubt, some solid and tangible proof will be produced of the German or Flemish origin of printing from

engraved copper-plates which will show that the well-worn story of the Florentine niello-worker was only a piece of private gossip, and that the spirit of the age was impelling him to invent again what was already practised on the further side of the Alps. Block-books, type-printing, wood-engraving, *chiaroscuro* prints, i.e. prints produced by repeated application of separate stamps, and etching, are all now resigned to German claimants, and already in Engraving proper on copper-plates for printing, the diligence of northern critics has carried us further back than Vasari's date of 1452.

The Holbein Society has worked a rich mine; sometimes the art may strike the eye as archaic, but the multitude, the worth, and the boldness of the ideas feed and stimulate the mind. Holbein's "Dance of Death" and Burgkmair's "Triumph of Maximilian," though well known, still lie rather beyond the beaten track; and as for invention, curious design, conceits of composition, and out-of-the-way thought, remote from modern modes of poetic conception and artistic form, exceptional interest attaches to "The Mirror of Maiestie," "The Four Fountains of the Emblems of Alciat," and "Alciat's Emblems in their Full Stream." Having thus begun their labours with the Fatherland, the Society propose to make a descent upon the fertile plains of Italy, and to render familiar to the English reader engravings in which are found the unfettered expression of the genius of Pollajuolo, Mantegna, Botticelli, and Titian. The territory already overrun, or yet to be occupied, in Germany and Italy is wide and diversified; artists disdaining finical finish often expressed their thoughts through the graver with the freedom, fluency, and fertility of ballad rhymesters or extempore speakers. The ideas, especially in the "Emblems," though not always complete in their beginning, middle, or rounding off, are usually suggestive of further ideas. These pictorial Emblems recall the quaint address with which Francis Quarles introduces his poetic Emblems to the reader. An "Emblem," he urges, is "but a silent parable. And why not as well presented to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of letters, God was known by hieroglyphics. And indeed what are the heavens, the earth, nay, every creature, but Hieroglyphics and Emblems of His glory. Reader, farewell!"

LUARD'S RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND ROME.*

THIS small publication of Mr. Luard's—we can hardly call it a book, and yet it would still less do to call it a tract or a pamphlet—is of a kind more common in Germany than in England. It is a kind of *Regesta* of the Papal correspondence with England for sixteen years. We can hardly call it a calendar, because it is put together from a great number of distinct sources, and it is furnished with a commentary at the beginning and the ending and wherever else Mr. Luard thinks good. No one has a better right than Mr. Luard, the editor of Matthew Paris and of so many of the monastic annals, to deal with any aspect of the period of English history which he has here taken in hand. It may be defined as the dull part of the reign of Henry the Third, the time before Simon. Dr. Shirley said long ago that it supplied but small material for a "drum and trumpet historian." Mr. Luard is assuredly not a drum and trumpet historian; but he is, as Dr. Shirley was, fully alive to the importance of the time. It is not a stirring time; the great constitutional struggle of the reign has hardly begun; but things were in a manner making themselves ready for the constitutional struggle. Mr. Luard, however, has a special and not a general object in view. His business is not with the general history of the English nation or of the English Church during these years, but with their special relations to the see of Rome. It must be remembered that this is the time in our whole history when that relation was closest. John had only just before commended his kingdom to the Pope, and the Popes Honorius the Third and Gregory the Ninth were not inclined to let the commendation be a dead letter. The King of the French deemed himself the overlord of the Duke of the Normans; the King of the English deemed himself the overlord of the King of Scots. But it is quite certain that no French or English King ever took upon himself, as a matter of ordinary government and not of warlike intervention, to interfere with the internal affairs of either Normandy or Scotland in the way in which these pontiffs constantly interfered with the internal affairs of England. The Pope as overlord had great advantages over any temporal lord. His claims in virtue of the commendation of John could be mixed up with the general Papal claims as understood by Innocent the Third so as to give the Pope a decent excuse for meddling with almost anything of any kind, great or small, which went on in the kingdom of England. At that particular moment, too, the minority of Henry gave the Popes a further advantage. The lord might give himself out as the legal guardian of his youthful vassal; the chief bishop of Christendom might give himself out as the natural protector of the weak and helpless everywhere. This state of things should be carefully borne in mind. Careless readers are apt to look on the submission of John as a momentary national disgrace, and as nothing but a momentary national disgrace. A national disgrace it undoubtedly was, though not at all one of the depth and blackness which it is apt to seem to us now. There was nothing degrading in the relation of vassalage; if John became the man of the Pope, Richard had before him become the

* On the Relations between England and Rome during the Earlier Portion of the Reign of Henry III. By Henry Richards Luard, B.D. Cambridge: Deighton & Co. London: Bell. 1877.

man of the Emperor. And momentary at all events the submission was not. As the Popes understood the matter, the commendation was meant to be a very real thing indeed; and a very real thing they made of it during the years which Mr. Luard has here taken in hand.

Mr. Luard takes things very calmly; he is no violent partisan of any side, but he certainly is inclined to be more favourable to the Pope and his power than most Englishmen will like, or than is at all in accordance with the general spirit of recent English historians. He tells us that the theory of national Churches, "however suited to a time like our own, was utterly alien from the mind of Europe in the middle ages." He adds:—

Nations themselves were not so clearly marked as they became afterwards. The large continental possessions of the English kings would prevent anything like the idea of England being separated from or having little interest in the rest of Europe. The theory of the Roman empire would tend to bind all the nations of the continent of Europe together. And this tended to keep away the sense of isolation from the Church of England. A John of Salisbury is made Bishop of Chartres without there being any thought of unfitness in one who had spent his life in England being put over the diocese of a foreign country. A William of Coutances, after being Bishop of Lincoln, goes back to Normandy, and dies as Archbishop of Rouen.

Is not Mr. Luard here extending over the whole of the middle ages a state of things which was simply the result of the political circumstances of England during a few generations, especially during the first two or three generations of the Angevin dynasty? Under the Norman and Angevin Kings, when England was under the same sovereign with a greater or smaller territory on the Continent, there was nothing at all wonderful in bishops passing to and fro between the insular and the continental parts of the common sovereign's dominions. It was no more than sending English bishops to Ireland in modern times. And when once it had become possible for a native of the continent to become a bishop in England, and for a native of England to become a bishop on the continent, it is not wonderful if the interchange sometimes overstepped the bounds of the King of England's continental dominions. Henry the Second brought St. Hugh from the royal Burgundy to England. John of Salisbury, as Mr. Luard remarks, became Bishop of Chartres. We do not know that there is any evidence to show whether John of Salisbury was of English or Norman descent. It is eminently characteristic of his time that there should be no such evidence. But, on the one hand, if he was of Norman descent, he was English by birth and thoroughly English in feeling; on the other hand, if he was of English descent, he must have been as well able to speak French as any Norman. No one would have thought him unfit for a bishopric in Normandy; and, if fit for a bishopric in Normandy, he was equally fit for one in France. On the other hand, for political reasons, he was much more likely to get a bishopric in France than either in England or in Normandy. But this interchange between England and the continent is simply the result of the political circumstances of England for a time of about two hundred years. It begins with Edward the Confessor; it ends with Henry the Third. After the Church of England was able to walk alone, we had no foreign archbishop before Robert of Jumièges; we had none after Boniface of Savoy. Foreign bishops are common enough from the middle of the eleventh century to the middle of the thirteenth. We seldom or never hear of them before the former of those dates; after the latter, when we find them, they are commonly Italians thrust in by the Pope. It is quite true, as Mr. Luard says, that nations were not then so distinctly marked as they were afterwards. But the English nation was surely marked clearly enough; and surely too Matthew Paris and others of his day had a clear notion enough of a national Church.

Mr. Luard, without being at all a Papal partisan, is clearly willing to make out as good a case for the Papal power as fairness will let him. Thus he quotes Mr. Finlay to show that the nations which admitted the Pope's authority were progressive during the time when the Pope's authority was at its height, while the nations of the East which did not admit it were not progressive. This is perfectly true; but it hardly follows that the difference between progress and no progress was owing to the acceptance or non-acceptance of the supremacy of the Pope. The question is rather between a civilization far higher in itself but traditional, conservative without hope of further improvement, therefore with every chance of decay—the civilization, in short, of an old power which had lived on by a kind of miracle through the magic of a name and the strength of a city—and a civilization far lower than itself, but with every hope of further improvement—the civilization, in short, of young nations with their historical future before them. Mr. Luard might have founded a better argument on the difference between the historical position of Catholic Hungary and Orthodox Serbia. The difference doubtless was owing to the fact that one was Catholic and the other Orthodox. But it does not therefore follow that submission or non-submission to the Pope had anything directly to do with it. Hungary, being Catholic, was drawn within the circle of the progressive West; Serbia, being Orthodox, was drawn within the circle of the non-progressive East. If we carried out the comparison between the historical position of Hungary and Serbia more in detail, the gap between the two would be found to be less wide than it seems at first sight. Still it is wide enough to make the general contrast a fair one; but it does not at all follow that the question of Pope or no Pope is the one key to the contrast. The difference between the Eastern and the Western Empires in themselves, quite irrespective of Popes, will surely account for a good deal.

Mr. Luard brings out strongly that the succession of Henry the Third to the crown was mainly due to the Cardinal Walo, or Guala, or however we are to spell him. Mr. Luard stands up for his general character against Dr. Shirley, but he cannot deny that Walo feathered his own nest pretty comfortably. Yet we can half forgive him for the sake of St. Andrew's church at Vercelli. But he adds that "it would be a great error to suppose either that the object of the Roman Court in fixing the young Plantagenet on the throne of England was to deliver England from a foreign yoke, or that the Barons were not true to their country when they invited Louis over." Of the former part of this position there can be no doubt. And we are not at all inclined harshly to blame the barons for what they did in a fit of despair. They are not likely to have been greatly swayed by the long legal and genealogical pleadings on behalf of Lewis. They sent for Lewis because there was nobody better to be had. We might wish that they had sent for Saxon Otto rather than for French Lewis, but Otto was the cherished nephew of the King whom they were striving against, and his star was just then grievously sinking. We cannot wholly follow Mr. Luard when he says, "That there was any feeling in England against Louis as a foreigner is very improbable." Personally it may well be that the Frenchman was no more foreign to either Normans or Englishmen than the Angevin was. But it is quite certain that, by the time of the battle of Lincoln, English national feeling was strongly stirred up. Men went forth to war with the foreigner as to a crusade.

Mr. Luard ends his *Regesta* in 1235. And he adds a few words on behalf of the Legate Otho who came to England in 1237. But he has to give him up on the point which always came most nearly home to our forefathers, his endless exactions of money. On this score Mr. Luard has to give up the Popes and all their belongings. It is perfectly true that Innocent the Third gave us Stephen Langton; it is equally true that Stephen Langton won his chief glory in withstanding the power which gave him to us. And no doubt Innocent the Third or any other Pope might, when there was nothing to tempt them to do otherwise, make a good appointment rather than a bad one. But Mr. Luard does not hide the fact that

In 1240 the Pope [Gregory the Ninth] sent to the Archbishop and the Bishops of Lincoln and Salisbury, requiring them to provide for three hundred Romans in the first vacant benefices, and suspending them from giving away any benefices till that number was provided for.

It is really hard to see how any form of extortion or simony, or any other breach of right and law, could go beyond this. Mr. Luard himself brings together a large number of Papal exactions of the same kind, some of which he himself brands as "monstrous." It is not wonderful that our forefathers loathed the name of the Pope and all that belonged to him, and thought he was called *Papa* because he was always saying "pay, pay."

We need not say that all the part which we call the *Regesta* is most carefully put together. A list of the Papal letters in this shape shows how fast they came on one another, and the endless range of the subjects with which they deal. We light on one which is at all events harmless. On March 19, 1217, that is before the Fair of Lincoln, "Guala is directed to inquire into the petition of the Dean and Chapter of the Church of Salisbury, that the apostolic see would provide for the unhealthiness of the cathedral close, which is dangerous for the canons and clerks." We thus get a little hint as to the pleasures of keeping residence at Old Sarum, about which William of Malmesbury has more to tell us. It was not many years before the Dardanië of the Wilsæstas was exchanged for their holy Ilios in the plain.

MIGNON.*

WRITERS of fiction have two kinds of improbability to avoid—the one of fact, the other of character; but few know where the pitfalls lie, and the majority fall headlong into them. Mrs. Forrester has fallen into a rather deep pitfall in *Mignon*, where she has massed together an amount of psychological improbability which gives a curiously unreal air to the story. There are three heroines, or "first walking ladies," in this novel, with their three first walking gentlemen to correspond, as well as the inevitable pair of subordinates, kept well in shadow and of no vital use in the narrative. And of these six more prominent personages one is as unlikely as another, men and women equally failing to convince us of their possible existence outside the covers of Mrs. Forrester's book. Take *Mignon*, as the heroine *par excellence*, seeing that she gives her name to the story and is also of more importance than the rest. Her character and individuality may be summed up in a word—she is beautiful. But, after all, hers is only that *beauté du diable* which depends on the rounded lines and brilliant colouring of youth. When she first appears she is "sitting on the topmost rail of a five-barred gate," with a young boy of eighteen or nineteen kneeling at her feet, and another, her twin-brother, leaning against the tree. "Her hat has fallen off, and her golden hair is all smitten through with the broad sunbeams that glint between the sparsely-covered branches of an ancient oak." She has what is sometimes called a "rippling laugh," but which, when more fully described, seems as if it must have been rather more than a ripple; for when a girl "throws herself back and laughs à gorge

* *Mignon*. By Mrs. Forrester, Author of "Diana Carew," "My Hero," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1877.

déployée—when “her lovely mouth uncurls as wide as it could, which was not very wide,” and “you could count all her lovely pearls of teeth,” it is a little tax on one’s imagination to believe that “the sound of her mirth was like water rippling over little stones.” We have heard women laugh before now *à gorge déployée*, and with all their lovely pearls of teeth shown so that they could be counted; but the result was by no means a ripple, and could scarcely be called musical. We will give the second sitting, when Sir Tristram Bergholt is converted from a man of sense to a doting idiot, and from a man of honour to a coward and a craven:—

Mignon trips from tree to tree robbing each with ruthless hand of its fairest children; crimson, blush and golden, snow white and rosy pink are pressed together in the firm grasp of her small lithe fingers, and Sir Tristram follows, watching her every movement and drinking in her perfections in charmed silence. Nature was in a happy mood he thinks when she dowered this god child with so lavish a hand. As she stands on tiptoe to reach a crimson blossom, Sir Tristram instead of gallantly bringing his superior height to the rescue is taking the opportunity to look at her feet.

There is a certain noble lord (with whom in this matter my ideas are perfectly *d'accord*) who refuses to pronounce a woman beautiful until he has seen her eat. Sir Tristram never gives his verdict upon one until he has seen her feet. The momentary glance afforded him, satisfies his critical eye. Mignon’s feet are enameled, it is true, in shabby slippers, but they are small and well formed. And upwards to her shapely hands, her creamy throat, her dimpled mouth, the exquisite upper lip and dainty nose, the long lashed eyes and white brow whence springs an aureole of ruddy golden hair, there is not one point the ravished beholder would wish more perfect. A strange desire seizes him to add to all that nature has done, the graces of art; he is not a believer in “beauty unadorned:” he would like it to be his task to put dainty slippers on the little feet, rare stuffs and samites on the shapely form, to crown the golden locks with pearls and diamonds.

When this has been said of Mignon all has been said by way of commendation. Beyond her beauty she has not the faintest shadow of charm. She is greedy, “mulish,” ungrateful, selfish; a “cold” but audacious and dishonourable flirt, without one principle of action save self-interest; insolent, ill-tempered, rude, and atrociously vulgar. Yet she can make not only a good pure-minded boy, like Oswald Carey, madly in love with her, for all that he has known her ever since they were children, and has been the perpetual butt of her ridicule and victim of her ill temper; but she can also keep the passionate devotion of an honest gentleman like Sir Tristram, whom as her husband she has insulted and gone near to dishonour; and can keep at arm’s length a professed seducer like Raymond L’Estrange. She tells her husband on the day of her marriage that she hates him, that she has married him only for the sake of her twin brother, and that she can never like him, because he is “more than old enough to be her father” (she is seventeen and he is forty-six); she treats him with vulgar insolence and abuse, flirts before his face and in the eyes of the world till she is almost cut in the county, and shows herself thoroughly bad and heartless all through; but with all this Sir Tristram, who is meant to be a manly, noble kind of person, is so besotted by her hair and her eyes, her youth and her beauty, that he condones and allows anything rather than run the risk of offending her by rebuke or angering her by restraint. She is a child and he is a man of the world; but she rules him and herself to their joint disaster, and in a way which no worthy man who understood his duty could possibly allow. When she is disfigured for life, even then he loves her with all or more than all his former passion; but the reader asks in wonder why? It is a love akin to a miracle—something made out of nothing. Love must be founded on something lovable; and when the beauty which has been Sir Tristram’s lure has gone, nothing remains but a heartless and worthless woman with one side of her face smashed in and the other left as before. Again, her conversion after her disfigurement is also of the nature of a miracle. She has hitherto given no sign of any quality whereby a noble woman could be evolved out of an unprincipled one. She loves her twin brother Gerald, and he is the only being in the world whom she does love; but in all other respects she is thoroughly ill-tempered and selfish. Where, then, are the elements out of which a good, affectionate, patient, and resigned woman could be made? The loss of beauty does not create a nobility of nature which did not exist before; though it may, by destroying the occasion of vanity, allow what did exist and was hidden to come to the surface. Yet the author has made Mignon suddenly jump into goodness out of villainess, simply because she has lost her beauty and one side of her face is scarred and hideous.

Kitty Fox, again, is a character that does not ring true. Her introduction is in this wise:—

“Not Kitty—not Miss Fox!” ejaculates Sir Tristram.

“Yes. Kitty Fox.”

“By Jove!” he cries with a glance of mingled admiration and affection at the gold-framed, cherub face upturned to him.

It only wants one glance to see that this is the most arch, mischievous, impertinent little sprite in the world.

“And last time I saw you,” continues Sir Tristram, “I rescued you and yards of torn frock from an apple tree whilst your poor governess stood bathed in tears at the foot.”

“Yes, by Jove, it’s me!” she retorts with glee, “and I’m out. I’m seventeen and three quarters; I was presented this season and I’m going to get married before it’s over. I don’t mean to remain a drug in the market. I can tell you.”

“Pray,” asked Sir Tristram laughing, “is it any use my putting in a claim? But I suppose you think I’m old enough to be your grandfather?”

“Oh no, I won’t have you,” she says, her eyes dancing with fun, “you are too nice and I mean to bully my husband. It’s so vulgar to be fond of each other now-a-days. And I’m not going to marry Raymond, though you did find us in such suspicious proximity just now,—he has the most awful temper, and we should lead a cat-and-dog life.”

“How should I suit you, Miss Kitty?” inquires Mr. Conyngham.

“Very well indeed as far as not caring for you goes,” retorts the impertinent minx, “but you haven’t enough money.”

Out of this rather unpromising material we find developed at hot speed the model wife of a middle-aged, lumbering, uninteresting kind of man, the devoted mother of a couple of “cherubs,” and the most proper little matron in the world, for all that she is fond of perching herself on the table and saying saucy things to her husband. But, just as it is impossible for an artist to paint a rainbow, so is it impossible for a novelist to give such a character as Kitty Fox with anything like verisimilitude or refinement. We get no other impression than that of a pert chambermaid or one of her two modern antitypes—a barmaid at a railway station or a girl in a cigar shop.

Olga Stratheden is no more real than the rest. She is twenty-nine years of age, and a widow, who had married a dying man out of compassion; but she pretends to act like a woman of fifty, and to give herself quasi-maternal airs to men of three-and-twenty, which are utterly incompatible with the theory of her sincerity. When the young fellow whom she had nursed in an illness falls in love with her, and tells her so, she calls herself an “old woman,” and refuses to marry him because of the six years that stand between them; notwithstanding she loved him passionately, and finds her life wrecked without him. Things, however, come right after Leo Vyner, the young lover in question, goes abroad and grows a beard; but such a woman as Mrs. Stratheden would either not have made the delay and opposed the obstacle that she did, or, having done so in the beginning, would have stood by her decision to the end. The character reads like a bit of patchwork all through, the qualities of forty or forty-five being given to the comparative youthfulness of twenty-nine, and the result a strange mass of inharmoniousness and pretence.

Of Sir Tristram we have already spoken, and of Mr. Raymond L’Estrange—the one an honourable gentleman reduced by love to dishonour and willing shame, the other a selfish and systematic Don Juan who allows himself to be played with and defeated by a woman for whom he has only the grossest kind of passion. Whether it was worth while to go so very near the edge for the pleasure of the perilous balance is a matter for the author and the reading public to settle between them. For ourselves we do not believe in the possibility of the situation, nor, we imagine, does the author herself. If *Mignon* is scarcely satisfactory in its drawing, it is not more so in its style. All the men quote poetry—as ordinary English gentlemen never do—and the women use expletives, and say “By Jove.” Mignon “does not take a palmy (*sic*) view of her marriage”; “this time last year she was a little rustic in a cotton gown and straw hat, lying on the daisied grass under a big tree, ambitioning (*sic*) nothing more than the undivided possession of her neighbour’s strawberries”; “it is quite right for youth and beauty to arrogate (*sic*) itself”; “now she is by way of flinging his money out of window with both hands”; “Fred’s defalcation” is the equivalent for Fred’s non-appearance; and “it depends on whom the smoker is”—these are phrases which pass with the writer for good English, such as cultivated people habitually use. For the rest we have the superiority of men to dogs sarcastically queried; Mr. Swinburne in one page is quoted with the following *che peccato*:—“So sings our grandest poet of to-day. What a pity that with his transcendent genius, his divine gift, he has used it so that, if one quotes his exquisite lines, one hesitates to name their author!” But eight pages off he is mentioned without this reservation, openly and not behind the fan; and there is the mixing up of religious texts and moral twaddle with suggestions and scenes where the world, the flesh, and the devil reign supreme. On the whole, *Mignon* is a book for which we can express neither esteem nor admiration. What there is in it of ability is misapplied in direction, and in spite of its redeeming texts the tone of it is bad.

RUSSELL’S DIARY IN INDIA.*

ALTHOUGH there was at one time perhaps rather a tendency to exaggeration in regard to the character and effects of the Prince’s visit to India, there can be no doubt that it was, in its way, an important and interesting event, and worthy of being chronicled in a permanent form. A great deal has, of course, already been written on the subject, and Dr. Russell comes rather late into the field; but it should be taken into account that his attendance on the Prince as private secretary provided him with opportunities of close observation and of obtaining accurate information which give a special value to his narrative. On the other hand, however, the author seems to have been exposed to some difficulties and disadvantages arising from the conditions of his task. In the first place, his connexion with the suite imparts a certain official appearance to his work; and although, as he states in a prefatory note, he has recorded only his own impressions and opinions, and is therefore alone responsible for the views expressed on questions of policy, government, or other matters, it would appear that the atmosphere around him has led him to write rather as a courtier in waiting, bound to be always beaming with admiration and delight,

* *The Prince of Wales’s Tour: a Diary in India.* By William Howard Russell. With illustrations by Sydney P. Hall. London: Sampson Low & Co.

than as an independent and critical observer. Another plea is that the Prince of Wales is "the central figure around which all the things, persons, and events mentioned in the Diary revolve," "so that, if his name and title occur repeatedly in the same page, it is necessary, from the nature of the work, that they should do so"; but it may be thought that this aspect of the subject is rather overdone, and there is certainly something wearisome, after the first, in the iteration of the monotonous incidents of formal receptions and stereotyped ceremonies. These were of course an essential element in the Prince's round of duties; but the book would certainly have been more readable if it had dealt rather with the instructive lessons of the journey than with its trivial and tiresome adjuncts. The writer also occupies a great deal of space with an introduction in which he enters into a laborious argument to show that the expedition was justified by substantial reasons, a point on which no sensible person ever had any doubt.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate in detail the circumstances of such a well-known story, and it will be enough to give a general glance at particular incidents. Dr. Russell is able, from the position he held in the Prince's suite, to give some glimpses of the inner life of the party on board the *Serapis* and elsewhere. The pomp and state which attended the movements of the Prince were of course peculiar to his rank; but, apart from this, the members of the party appear to have travelled in much the same way, and gone through much the same experiences, as other travellers with ample means. On the *Serapis* there was deck tennis, varied by pistol-firing at marks hung up at the yard-arms. A theatre had also been set up, in which plays and nigger serenades were performed by the bandmen, sailors, and marines. One ditty called "Optional Cocoa," composed and sung by a big handsome sailor named Sly, about his experience on board a ship of the Channel squadron, where, by the admiral's orders, it was "optional" for the crew to have a cup of cocoa or something more stimulating, was always received with great enthusiasm. Captain Glynn acted as Lord Chamberlain's reader of plays and dramatic censor; but the melodious captain of the fore-castle just mentioned sometimes, under cover of an encore, slipped in an impromptu which caused immense delight to the pit and gallery. The entertainments also included clog dances, hornpipes, sentimental ditties, and "regular fore-bitters." Among other means of passing the time pleasantly were books, including light and heavy literature; chess and backgammon boards, which, however, were seldom used; pistol practice, quoits, and ball; inspection of the horses and animals; visits to the bridge and ward-rooms; and "last, not least, the never-failing solace of a siesta in one's cabin." Then there were, even in the hottest times, gymnastic performances about tubing time, in which "Dr. Fayer, armed with two mugsdabs or Indian clubs, whirled them round his head with an air of entire resignation and devotion, and Canon Duckworth gave demonstration that he was no bad representative of the school of muscular Christians." Sometimes the Prince took a "cruise" between decks before breakfast, and visited the cabins to see how his friends were getting on. For the sake of a sensation the stokehole was visited by the Prince, the Duke of Sutherland leading the way, and the party of course returning in a dripping state. All the time Dr., now Sir Joseph, Fayer kept a sharp watch on the health of the party, giving orders, on the eve of entering the Suez Canal, that the too generous energy of the French chef should be restrained, and the number of hot dishes at breakfast reduced to two; that attendance at lunch should be left to personal discretion, and that three courses at least should be struck off the dinner menu. Later on in the voyage he had hard work in attending to various cases of "heat exhaustion," for which he prescribed ice and brandy-and-water, apparently without provoking any protest from the patients.

One of the principal excitements of the voyage seems to have been the freaks of the *Serapis*, a vessel specially selected by the Admiralty for the service of the Heir-Apparent. From the first she primed badly, and she also suffered every now and then from hot bearings. At Athens the chain cables of the starboard and larboard anchors snapped in succession; and, as the steam had been blown off the boilers, there was an imminent risk either that the *Serapis* would "destroy the whole Greek fleet at one blow," and run aground, or "would be impaled on the spur of one of our own ironclads." Happily, such a disaster was prevented by the efforts of neighbouring vessels. Again, after leaving Aden the ship suddenly stopped, and it was found that a condensing pipe was out of order on account of its soft metal stuffing having melted, so that the water was going into the stokeholes. Next day there was another stoppage of the engine, on account of the cover of the bilge-pump of the main engine having become disorganized. On November 5 we are told that the steaming had been found too much for the engines, and "a thorough overhaul is needed, and will be executed at Bombay."

Before the Prince was visited by the Viceroy off Bombay there had been a notion that the meeting might be attended by difficulties as to relative position and precedence, not indeed in rank, but in State ceremonial before the world; but fortunately such anticipations were not fulfilled, for the Prince and Lord Northbrook perfectly understood what was due to themselves and each other. There was also a question between the authorities by sea and land as to the salutes to be given when the *Serapis* and consorts arrived, the naval commander-in-chief at Bombay having declared that, in order to show how far below the Prince of Wales everybody else was, he could not salute the Viceroy or Governor when once the Royal Standard was flying in the harbour; happily this

difficulty, too, was amicably adjusted, and everybody had their rights in the way of blank fire. It was further a serious problem how the Prince should make his first appearance before the Queen's subjects in India. By some of the authorities it was held that he must ride on a gorgeously caparisoned elephant, and the animals were all got ready; but it was finally resolved not to employ them. As alternatives, there was a choice between horseback and a carriage; and the former would have been very picturesque and effective, but it was overruled on account of the dangers of a ride of six or seven miles or more through a line of illuminations, and the decision was in favour of carriages. When the Prince went on shore, "the anxiety of the chiefs to see him," we are told, "was almost painful; for once they were much agitated, and the proudest departed from the cover of their habitual reserve." Those who saw the Prince as he landed thought he looked "serious, and even sad of aspect," but there was a difference of opinion as to how far this was due to the heat or to emotion.

It was at first announced that the Prince could not hold "Durbars," but there was really very little difference between these and the private visits, except that the chiefs were introduced separately and had separate audiences, and thus certain grave questions connected with precedence were evaded. The essential carpet, however, was there—a crimson cloth with gold-lace borders, and the emblazonment of the royal arms and motto in full—the place allotted on the edge of which was the measure of the degree of consideration and honour assigned to the visitors. The Rajah of Kolhapoor, a child of twelve years old, was the first of the native dignitaries received by the Prince, who met him at the appointed distance, and took his hand with a pleasant smile, while the Political Agent conducted him to a chair on the Prince's right. Then came the Sirdars, salaaming low, who presented to the Prince a kerchief containing gold mohurs. This the Prince touched with his right hand and handed back. Next all rose, and the Prince, being supplied with a gold and jewelled scent-bottle, shook a few drops from it on the Rajah's handkerchief, and then from another rich casket took out the betel-nut, wrapped in fresh green leaf covered with gold-foil, and placed it in the Rajah's hand. The other durbars were received in a similar manner at different distances from the throne. The principal chiefs were escorted by the Royal suite from the threshold of the audience-chamber; but those of lower rank were not accorded this favour. At the levées some of the native gentlemen appeared so utterly astonished and unhinged as to lose all power of locomotion; so that it was necessary to seduce them gently away from the Royal presence, or occasionally, indeed, to direct their uncertain steps with more vigour than politeness. As for the poor Prince, he had to stand for more than an hour in a boiling temperature, and make at least two thousand bows. On the whole, it would seem that the intercourse between the Prince and the chiefs was pleasantly conducted, and the jealous irritation which, it was feared, might break out on the part of those who thought they were not treated with sufficient distinction was kept within bounds.

The sporting experiences of the Royal party necessarily occupy a large space, and are rather monotonous, though they include some striking incidents. The hunters were sorely punished by flies, leeches, rats, and other vermin, and did not escape without some perilous encounters and broken bones. A tiger sprang on the elephant of the Rev. Julian Robinson, placing one claw on his rifle, so that he could not fire, and tearing the mahout's leg. The elephant swung round, the tiger fell off, but sprang at the elephant again, and clawed it cruelly. It then leaped on the mahout of the elephant carrying Colonel Ellis, and was tearing him down, when the Colonel fired at it and brought it down, but not till it had lacerated the elephant's ear and the man's knee and leg. The Prince was also furiously pursued by a wild elephant which kept within not many yards of him for a second or two, and forced him to put his Arab horse to the utmost gallop. There were some disappointments in regard to some of the sports, as, for instance, with the cheetahs and elephants; but the Prince seems to have had plenty of tiger-killing. On one occasion seven tigers fell, of which six were shot by him. Pig-sticking occupies a high place in the roll of casualty-causing sports, as the following list shows:—Lord Carlington, a broken collar-bone; Lord C. Beresford, teeth broken; Lord Sutfield, injured by his own spear; not to speak of falls. The elephants, too, were rather frisky, and even such an experienced rider as Dr. Fayer was thrown off, while another elephant on which the Prince was riding gave him a liberal douche-bath from its trunk. A tiger also once sprang on the Prince's elephant, and tore the cloth, but was driven off.

On the whole, it may be said that Dr. Russell's Diary, although too limited and personal in its scope, is a handsome memorial, which is very suitable for a drawing-room table, and may be dipped into for the sake of occasional graphic and amusing descriptions. Some of the illustrations are very good, but they would have been better for weeding.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE great edition of Schiller's works*, under the direction of Karl Goedeke, is at length completed by the publication of a

* Schiller's *Sämmtliche Schriften. Historisch-kritische Ausgabe.* Herausgegeben von Karl Goedeke. Th. 15. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Siegle.

fifteenth volume in two parts, comprising the fragments of the author, his revisions of Goethe's *Egmont*, Lessing's *Nathan*, and the first and fifth acts of *Othello* for the stage, and his voluminous studies for his unfinished tragedy of *Demetrius*. The first part contains the dramatic fragments and outlines of projected plays, all or most of which had already been published by Madame von Gleichen-Russwurm, together with such curiosities as Schiller's Chinese tale and his juvenile medical thesis "de discrimine febrium inflammatoriarum et putridarum." The adaptations of standard dramas for the stage in the second volume exhibit few additions from Schiller's own hand, but extensive retrenchments. Half of this volume is occupied by *Demetrius*, the preliminary studies for it, and the plans and notes for its continuation. These are of the highest interest as showing Schiller's method of work and his extraordinary industry, and justifying the belief that *Demetrius*, had it been completed, would have ranked second to none among his tragedies.

L. Herwarth von Bittenfeld *, a relative, we may assume, of the distinguished officer of the name, publishes some lively and not uninteresting reminiscences of his personal experiences during the late war. They relate to the siege of Strasburg, the investment of Paris, the campaign on the Loire, and the ultimate occupation of the French metropolis. They have more to do with the relations of the invaders and the conquered people than with actual operations in the field, and are in general characterized by a becoming spirit and exemplary generosity of feeling. The author speaks highly of Gambetta, and fully recognizes the great moral effect of his gigantic, though ineffectual, exertions for the relief of Paris.

Dr. Schenkel † may be accepted on the whole as the representative of liberal Protestantism, and his manual of Christian doctrine affords a fair measure of the degree in which Rationalism has been modified by the severe criticism it has undergone at once from the reactionary and the freethinking schools of religious opinion. The effect may be discerned, on the one hand, in a more fervid and genial style of thought and expression; on the other, in the abandonment of the old forced explanations. Something of the former spirit remains, as when Dr. Schenkel, having given up the miraculous in every practical or intelligible sense, gravely observes that, after all, the really vital and edifying part of the doctrine is the admission that the ultimate ground of things is incomprehensible.

The recent additions to the excellent series of pamphlets on the questions of the day, edited by Franz von Holtzendorff ‡, comprise several discussions of topics of pressing interest. Among these may be named Dr. Georg Kauffmann's account of the contest between French and German education in Alsace-Lorraine, Dr. Kirchner's tract on the reform of the national system of religious instruction in Prussia, and Professor Cohn's on the still more important question of the general rise in prices. More generally interesting still, perhaps, are a series of letters from Turkey signed "Charicles." To the companion series of popular lectures, edited by Holtzendorff and Virchow, have been added discourses on Goethe's relations with his native city of Frankfurt, on his establishment in Weimar, on Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*, the condition of women according to ancient German law, the aborigines of Celebes, and many other interesting themes.

It is not very easy to promulgate a new ethical system at this time of day; nor is there anything very novel, or, except perhaps for people so innately reasonable as not to require ethical systems at all, anything particularly satisfactory in Herr Landau's § discovery that virtue consists in the regulation of the appetites and affections by means of reason. The novelty, if any, must lie in the practical operation of this principle, which is to be developed in a succeeding part.

There is more originality in a parallel between Adam Smith and Kant by Dr. August Oncken ||, designed to show that the founder of political economy has been misunderstood owing to the comparative neglect of his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, a work intimately connected in design with the *Wealth of Nations*. According to Dr. Oncken, Kant and Smith in a manner complete each other, Kant contributing the scientific proof of the principles which Smith applied empirically, and Smith exemplifying the practical application of Kant's philosophy in the departments of politics and economics. He insists that Smith has been greatly misconceived when regarded as the apostle of absolute *laissez faire*, and shows that he accorded ample scope to State regulation and control in various matters.

The memory of J. H. Campe¶ survives as that of a pioneer in educational reform, and a successful writer for the young of his

own and more than one succeeding generation. In both capacities he is entitled to a biography; and it is instructive to contrast him in the former with the types of practical pedagogy in our own day. If, in comparison with the representatives of our more lax and genial discipline, this apostle of German *Aufklärung* appears somewhat dry and unimaginative, and too exclusively rational and utilitarian, it is, on the other hand, impossible to refuse admiration to his manly independence and good sense, his faith in human nature, and his disinterested benevolence. In philanthropy, if in nothing else, Campe was an enthusiast; and the merits and defects of an era ardent in the cause of prose are fairly personified in him. Much of his success, no doubt, sprang from his personal influence, which his animated and intelligent physiognomy helps to explain. As a writer for the young, he belongs to the category of the English Aikins and Barbaulds, but scarcely stands so high. His most successful work is his "Robinson the Younger," which, in the biographer's opinion, compares favourably with Defoe. It need hardly be said that *Robinson Crusoe* was not designed as a book for boys; even from this restricted point of view, however, the imitation appears deficient in narrative skill, vivacity, and imaginative truth, while it is most inartificially interrupted by conversational interpolations of the "Tutor, George, and Harry" pattern. Campe corresponded with Lessing, Wieland, and others among the eminent men of his period; but their letters, here collected in an appendix, are in general too occasional and inconsecutive to be highly interesting. The most continuous are from Wilhelm von Humboldt, whose tutor in infancy Campe had been.

Franz Deák * was a patriot after the English model, the beau ideal of the type of statesmanship represented by those who, from the times of Simon de Montfort downwards, have based popular liberties on historical precedent rather than on abstract right. This type, indeed, is hardly possible except in the few countries like England and Hungary where freedom has never been entirely subverted, and historical continuity never wholly interrupted. This circumstance, no less than the brilliant success of his policy, renders him a personage of especial interest to Englishmen; it is only to be regretted that the peculiarities of Hungarian politics interpose a hindrance to the full appreciation of his character, which M. Csengery contributes little to remove. This is no discredit to the author, whose work, a political narrative, almost wholly destitute of the element of personal portraiture, was originally intended for his own countrymen, and who justifiably takes for granted an intimate acquaintance with the national politics. Fuller details and more complete explanations are required for the guidance of the foreign reader, who will carry away little except that general impression of Deák's magnanimity, disinterestedness, moderation, and political tact which he probably had already formed.

All will admit that the lives of great musicians ought to be written, but all will acknowledge the difficulty, and in general the unsatisfactory issue, of the undertaking. Few among the composers whose importance absolutely entitles them to a record have undergone the romantic vicissitudes of a Weber, or bequeathed the delightful correspondence of a Mendelssohn. Both of these might have been anticipated in the case of Chopin †, the very impersonation of the infelicity of over-sensitive genius. Scarcely a vestige, unfortunately, remains of the most interesting part of his career—his residence in France. An extensive correspondence, it appears, was extant until 1863, when, with the other effects of Chopin's family, it perished in a bonfire kindled by Russian soldiers. The composer's biographer depicts this as an ineffable loss; as regards his undertaking this is no doubt the case, but we must say that the high character he bestows on the correspondence which he has printed rather impairs our confidence in his judgment. The letters, principally addressed to an intimate friend, and terminating with the year 1831, deserve no such commendation. They treat almost exclusively of personal or musical matters, and, beyond attesting a certain sensitiveness and mobility of temperament, vouchsafe us few glimpses of the writer's inmost soul. It is true that they were written in Polish, and doubtless suffer greatly from the awkwardness of the German version. The same defect operates to the detriment of the entire work. M. Karasowski writes German grammatically, but with a constraint which renders him more bald and disjointed than he otherwise might have been. He labours throughout under the disadvantage of insufficient material; his actual information is beaten out very thin; and for the most interesting episode of Chopin's life, his *liaison* with George Sand, he has nothing to rely upon but the merest secondhand gossip. He renders Chopin's memory a service, however, by showing that he did not, as has been stated, forsake his betrothed for the brilliant authoress, but was forsaken by the former. It may be added that M. Karasowski writes throughout in an excellent spirit; that he has filled up a gap in biographical literature as well as his resources allowed; that, if his memoir had no other merit, he would deserve well of letters for thoroughly extinguishing the worthless rhapsody in the guise of biography which discredits the name of Liszt, and that the technical portion of his book seems calculated to be very useful. A full catalogue of Chopin's works is appended to his

* Franz Deák. Von Anton Csengery. Autorisirte Deutsche Uebersetzung von Gustav Heinrich. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† Friedrich Chopin; sein Leben, seine Werke, und Briefe. Von Moritz Karasowski. 2 Bde. Dresden: Ries. London: Nutt.

* Französische Skizzen und Bilder. Von L. Herwarth von Bittenfeld. Berlin: Levit. London: Asher & Co.

† Die Grundlehren des Christenthums, aus dem Bewusstsein des Glaubens im Zusammenhange dargestellt. Von Dr. Daniel Schenkel. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen. Herausgegeben von F. von Holtzendorff. Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge. Herausgegeben von R. Virchow und F. von Holtzendorff. Berlin: Habel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ System der gesamten Ethik. Von L. R. Landau. Bd. 1. Die Moral. Berlin: Denicke. London: Asher & Co.

|| Adam Smith und Immanuel Kant. Von Dr. Aug. Oncken. Abth. 1. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Asher & Co.

¶ Joachim Heinrich Campe. Ein Lebensbild aus dem Zeitalter der Aufklärung. Von Dr. J. Leyser. 2 Bde. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Williams & Norgate.

second volume. With all the inevitable shortcomings of his work, it is one indispensable to the student of musical history.

Custom cannot stale Ludwig Nohl's infinite variety upon the theme of Beethoven.* His last contribution to it contains no original matter beyond an almost fulsome dedication to Herr Wagner, but consists of a series of forty-five personal notices of Beethoven from the pens of various contemporaries, with introductions explaining the circumstances under which they were penned. They are of course of the most dissimilar degrees of value; all, or nearly all, however, merit preservation; and, taken altogether, they form an interesting and attractive book. One, an account of the composer's last moments by his friend Anselm Hüttenbrenner, seems to have hitherto only appeared in an Austrian newspaper.

The second part of Groddeck and Henne Am Rhyn's work on the internal laws and regulations of Freemasonry † is wholly from the pen of the latter writer, except for an historical introduction by Dr. Merzdorf. The latter possesses considerable interest even for general readers. Brother Henne Am Rhyn's share of the volume consists of a digest of the institutes of the Masonic body all over the world, ample, yet condensed, and apparently calculated to be of much utility to its members.

Dr. Kussmaul's ‡ work on the pathology of the organs of articulation treats both of the phenomena of aphasia, illustrated by a selection from the strange and suggestive cases which medical records furnish in such abundance, and of the more ordinary afflictions of deafness and dumbness, with an inquiry into the comparative merits of the French and German systems for the education of deaf mutes.

Dr. Hostinsky's § essay on the aesthetics of music is in the main a criticism of the theories of Hanslick and Wagner, both of which are rejected.

Two new novels by writers of reputation, Felix Dahn || and Karl Gutzkow ¶ are remarkable, in a literary point of view, for an obvious effort to relieve the proverbial heaviness of the German novel and to copy the animation and movement of the French. Herr Dahn seeks to attain this end by rapid dialogue and short sentences, Herr Gutzkow mainly by a liberal employment of notes of exclamation. The former is the more excellent way, and Herr Dahn is also fortunate in his subject, a delineation of the conflict of the Byzantines and Goths for the possession of Italy after the downfall of the Western Empire. This enables him to crowd his book with picturesque figures and stirring incidents. Herr Gutzkow, on the other hand, depicts ordinary society in the ordinary style of the novelists whose aim is a compromise between romance and matter of fact.

"Lost and Won" ** is a pretty and lively story, by a writer who appears exceedingly well acquainted both with English manners and customs, and with the topography of London. It begins in the British Museum, and ends near the Albert Memorial, which presents itself to the writer's mind in perhaps the most satisfactory light in which it is capable of being considered—a token of good feeling between England and Germany.

A catechism of dramaturgy, by R. Pröls ††, is fortunately not drawn up in the form of a catechism. More than half of it is devoted to a condensed historical sketch of the drama of all nations, very fairly executed; and the didactic portion seems calculated to be useful to dramatic aspirants of all descriptions.

The mediæval Latin poems collected by Herr Hagen ‡‡ from sundry Swiss libraries constitute a singular medley, comprising Leonine verses in the most barbarous style along with others which, as the editor remarks, rather savour of expiring classicism than of the spirit of the middle age. The subjects of the poems are generally theological, and their intrinsic value very small. The most interesting is a highly ingenious poem on chess, from which we learn that in the middle ages the queen had only the same power as the bishop now, and that the bishop's move was restricted to two squares.

The "vanished and forgotten one" whose verses are professedly edited by Georg von Oertzen §§ is not inapt either at the sentimental or the sententious strains of which his ample volume principally consists; it is nevertheless improbable that its publication will lead to any general demand for his restoration to society.

* Beethoven. *Nach den Schilderungen seiner Zeitgenossen.* Von Ludwig Nohl. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Siegle.

† *Versuch einer Darstellung des positiven, inneren Freimaurer-Rechts.* Von Br. von Groddeck und Br. O. Henne Am Rhyn. Leipzig: Fintel. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Die Störungen der Sprache.* Von Dr. A. Kussmaul. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Das Musikalisch-Schöne und das Gesamtkunstwerk vom Standpunkte der formalen Aesthetik.* Von Dr. O. Hostinsky. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Ein Kampf um Rom.* Historischer Roman von Felix Dahn. 4 Bde. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Die Neuen Serapionsbrüder.* Roman von Karl Gutzkow. Bd. 1. Breslau: Schottländer. London: Asher & Co.

** *Verloren—Gewonnen. Eine Erzählung aus London.* Von W. Brand. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Katechismus der Dramaturgie.* Von R. Pröls. Leipzig: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡‡ *Carmina mediæ ævi maximam partem inedita: ex bibliothecis Helveticis collecta.* Edidit H. Hagenus. Bernæ: Frobenius. London: Williams & Norgate.

§§ *Reime eines Verschollenen.* Herausgegeben von Georg von Oertzen. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

The April number of the *Rundschau* * has an article on the Prince Consort's life by F. H. Geffcken, couched, like so many English essays on the same theme, in the strain of monotonous eulogy which inevitably reminds the English reader of Guinevere's criticism on the faultless Arthur. Zeller's paper on the light in which Christianity appeared to the Greeks and Romans is very elegantly written, but inevitably devoid of novelty. Elegance, too, is the leading characteristic of Emanuel Geibel's graceful little dramatic proverb. Some chapters from General Brandt's memoirs, relating to Prussian politics in the anarchical year 1848, convey graphic portraits of the forgotten celebrities of an epoch which no Prussian of any political party finds pleasure in remembering. Perhaps the most interesting contribution, however, is a dissertation by Virchow on the rudimentary stages of cookery, in which he shows how completely pottery, without which refinement in cookery is impossible, is a feminine art among savages, and how nicely the progress of barbarous man in the culinary art is adjusted to the condition of his womankind. An utterly degraded condition of woman is incompatible with pottery; lack of pottery means lack of cookery; and, wanting cookery, man wants the first step of the ladder that lifts him out of barbarism.

The *Russian Review* † is chiefly filled with economics and statistics, but contains one most edifying and entertaining paper on the wolf question in Russia. The lupine population of the Empire, it seems, is estimated at two hundred thousand, maintained at an annual expense to the public of fifteen million rubles at the least. The author of a book on the subject advocates a grand national effort to poison them off at the rate of ten rubles a head, and combats at length sundry objections to his proposal, one being the British one of the impossibility of laying poison for wolves without jeopardy to foxes. This public-spirited projector is an apothecary.

* *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 3, Hft. 7. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

† *Russische Revue.* Jahrg. 6, Hft. 3. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Trübner & Co.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The Stewards will be announced in future advertisements.

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444 West Strand, April 20, 1877. **LEWIS POCOCK**, **EDMD. E. ANTROBUS**, } *Hon. Secs.*

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